# VIRGIDEMIARVM

## Sixe Bookes.

*Firſt three Bookes,*

Of Tooth-leſſe Satyrs.

1. *Poeticall.*
2. *Academicall.*
3. *Morall.*

LONDON
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# His Defiance to Enuie.

*Nay: let the prouder* Pines *of* Ida *feare*
*The ſudden fires of heauen: and decline*
*Their yeelding tops, that dar'd the skies whilere:*
*And ſhake your ſturdie trunks ye prouder* Pines,
*VVhoſe ſwelling graines are like be gald alone,*
*VVith the deepe furrowes of the thunder-ſtone.*

*Stand ye ſecure, ye ſafer ſhrubs below,*
*In humble dales, whome heauns doe not deſpight:*
*Nor angrie clouds conſpire your ouerthrow,*
*Enuying at your too-diſdainfull hight.*
*Let high attempts dread Enuy, and ill tongues,*
*And cowardly ſhrinke for feare of cauſles wrongs*

## His Defiance to Enuie.

*So wont big Okes feare winding Yuy-weed:*
*So ſoaring Egles feare the neighbour Sonne:*
*So golden* Mazor *wont ſuſpicion breed,*
*deadly* Hemlocks *poyſoned Potion,*
*So Adders ſhroud themſelues in faireſt leaues:*
*So fouler Fate the fayrer thing bereaues.*

*Nor the low buſh feares climbing Yuy-twine:*
*Nor lowly Buſtard dreads the diſtant rayes.*
*Nor earthen Pot wont ſecret death to ſhrine:*
*Nor ſuttle Snake doth lurke in pathed wayes.*
*Nor baſer deed dreads Enuy and ill tongues,*
*Nor ſhrinks ſo ſoone for feare of cauſeleſſe wrongs.*

*Needs*

## His Defiance to Enuy.

*Needs me then hope, or doth me need miſ-dread:*
*Hope for that honor, dread that wrongfull ſpight:*
*Spight of the partie, honor of the deede,*
*VVhich wont alone on loftie obiects light.*
*That Enuie ſhould accoaſt my Muſe and me,*
*For this ſo rude, and reckleſſe Poeſie.*

*VVould ſhe but ſhade her tender Browes with Bay,*
*That now lye bare in careleſſe wilfull rage:*
*And trance her ſelfe in that ſweete Extaſey,*
*That rouzeth drouping thoughts of baſhfull age.*
*(Tho now thoſe Bays, and that aſpired thought,*
*In careleſſe rage, ſhe ſets at worſe then nought.)*

## His Defiance to Enuy.

*Or would we looſe her plumy pineon,*
*Manicled long with bonds of modeſt feare:*
*Soone might ſhe haue thoſe Keſtrels proud out gone,*
*VVhoſe flightie wings are dew'd with weeter aire;*
*And hopen now to ſhoulder from aboue*
*The Eagle from the ſtayrs of friendly* Ioue

*Or liſt ſhe rather in late Triumph reare*
*Eternall* Trophees *to ſome Conqueror,*
*VVhoſe dead deſerts ſlept in his Sepulcher,*
*And neuer ſaw, nor life, nor light before:*
*To lead ſad* Pluto *captiue with my ſong,*
*To grace the triumphs he obſcur'd ſo long.*

*Or*

*Or ſcoure the ruſted ſwords of Eluiſh knighes,*
*Bathed in Pagan blood: or ſheath them new*
*In miſty morall Types; or tell their fights,*
*VVho mightie Giants, or who Monſters ſlew.*
*And by ſome ſtrange inchanted ſpeare and ſhield*
*Vanquiſht their foe, and wan the doubtfull field.*

*May be ſhe might in ſtately* Stanzaes *frame*
*Stories of Ladies, and aduenturous knights,*
*To raiſe her ſilent and inglorious name,*
*Vnto a reach-leſſe pitch of Prayſes hight.*
*And ſomewhat ſay, as more vnworthie done.*
*VVorthie of Braſſe, and hoary Marble ſtone.*

*Then*

## His Defiance to Enuie.

*Then might vaine Enuy waſte her duller wing,*
*To trace the aery ſteps, ſhe ſpiting ſees:*
*And vainly faint in hopleſſe following*
*The clouded paths her natiue droſſe denies.*
*But now ſuch lowly* Satyres *here I ſing,*
*Not worth our* Muſe, *not worth their enuying.*

*To good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame:*
*Too good, if worſe, to ſhadow ſhamleſſe vice.*
*Ill, if too good, not anſwering their name:*
*So good and ill in fickle cenſure lies.*
*Since in our* Satyre *lyes both good and ill,*
*And they and it, inuarying readers will.*

*VVitneſſe*

## His Defiance to Enuy.

*VVitneſſe ye* Muſes *how I wilfull ſong*
*Theſe heddy rimes, withoutē ſecond care:*
*And wiſh't them worſe, my guiltie thoughts among:*
*The ruder* Satyre *ſhould go rag'd and bare:*
*And ſhow his rougher and his hairy hide:*
*Tho mine be ſmooth, and deckt in careleſſe pride.*

*VVould we but breath within a wax-bound quill.*
Pans *ſeuenfold Pipe, ſome plaintiue Paſtorall:*
*To teach each hollow groue, and ſhrubby hill,*
*Ech murmuring brooke, each ſolitarie vale*
*To ſound our loue, and to our ſong accord,*
*VVearying Ecche with one changeleſſe word.*

Or

## His Defiance to Enuie.

*Or liſt vs make two ſtriuing ſhephards ſing,*
*VVith coſtly wagers for the victorie,*
*Vnder* Menalcas *iudge: whiles one doth bring*
*A caruen Bole well wrought of Beechen tree:*
*Prayſing it by the ſtorie, or the frame,*
*Or want of vſe, or skilfull makers name.*

*Another layeth a well-marked Lambe,*
*Or ſpotted Kid, or ſome more forward Steere;*
*And from the Payle doth praiſe their fertile dam:*
*So doe they ſtriue in doubt, in hope, in feare,*
*A wayting for their truſtie* Vmpires *doome,*
*Faulted as falſe, by him that's ouercome.*

*VVhether*

## His Defiance to Enuy.

*VVhether so me list my louely thought to sing,*
*Come daunce ye nimble* Dryads *by my side:*
*Ye gentle wood-*Nymphs *come: and with you bring*
*The willing Faunes that mought your musick guide.*
*Com Nimphs and Faunes, that haunt those shadie groues*
*VVhiles I report my fortunes or my loues.*

*Or whether list me sing so personate,*
*My striuing selfe to conquer with my verse:*
*Speake ye attentiue swaynes that heard me late,*
*Needs me giue grasse vnto the Conquerers.*
*At* Colins *feete I throw my yeelding reede:*
*But let the rest win homage by their deed.*

## His Defiance to Enuie.

*But now (ye Muſes) ſith your ſacred heſts*
*Profaned are by each preſuming tongue:*
*In ſcornfull rage I vow this ſilent reſt,*
*That neuer field nor groue ſhall heare my ſong.*
*Only theſe refuſe rymes I here miſpend,*
*To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.*

## De ſuis Satyris.

*Dum Satyræ dixi, videor dixiſſe Satiræ*
*Corripio; aut iſtæc non ſatis eſt Satyra.*

*Ira facit Satyram, reliquum Sat temperat iram;*
*Pinge tuo Satyram ſanguine, tum Satyra eſt.*

*Ecce nouam Satyram: Satyrum ſine cornibus! Euge*
*Monſtra noui monſtri hæc, & Satyri & Satyræ.*

# VIRGIDEMIARVM.

## LIB. I.

### Prologue.

*I Firſt aduenture, with foole-hardie might,*
*To treade the ſteps of perilous deſpight:*
*I firſt aduenture, follow me who liſt,*
*And be the ſecond Engliſh Satyriſt.*
*Enuy waits on my backe, Truth on my ſide:*
*Enuy will be my Page, and Truth my Guide.*
*Enuie the margent holds, and Truth the line:*
*Truth doth approue, but enuie doth repine.*
*For in this ſmoothing age who durſt indite,*
*Hath made his pen an hyred Paraſite.*

To

## Prologue

*To claw the back of him that beaſtly luues,*
*And pranck baſe men in Proud Superlatiues.*
*VVhence damned vice is ſhrouded quite from ſhame*
*And crown'd with Vertues meed, immortall Name:*
*Infamy diſpoſſeſt of natiue due,*
*Ordain'd of old on looſer life to ſue:*
*The worlds eye bleared with thoſe ſhameleſſe lyes,*
*Mask'd in the ſhew of meal-mouth'd Poeſies.*
*Go daring Muſe, on with thy thankleſſe taske,*
*And do the vgly face of vice vnmaske:*
*And if thou canſt not thine high flight remit,*
*So as it mought a lowly Satyre fit,*
*Let lowly Satyres riſe a loft to thee:*
*Truth be thy ſpeede, & Truth thy Patron bee.*

SAT. I.

## SAT. I.

NOr Ladies wanton loue, nor wandring knight,
Legend I out in rimes all richly dight.
Nor fright the Reader with the Pagan vaunt
Of mightie Mahound, and greate Termagaunt.
Nor liſt I Sonnet of my Miſtreſſe face,
To paint ſome Bloweſſe with a borrowed grace;
Nor can I bide to pen ſome hungrie *Scene*
For thick-skin eares, and vndeſcerning eyne.
Nor euer could my ſcornfull Muſe abide
With Tragick ſhooes her anklés for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fauning tayle
To ſome greate Patron, for my beſt auayle.

Such hunger-ſtaruen Trencher Poetrie,
Or let it neuer liue, or timely die:
Nor vnder euerie bank, and euerie Tree,
Speake ryme s vnto my oten Minſtralſie:
Nor caroll out ſo pleaſing liuely laies,
As mought the *Graces* moue my mirth to praiſe.
*Trumpet, and reeds, and ſocks, and buskins fine,*
*I them bequeath*: whoſe ſtatues wandring Twine
Of Yuy, mixt with Bayes, circlen around
Their liuing Temples likewiſe *Laurell-bound.*
Rather had I, albee in careleſſe rymes,
Check the miſ-ordered world, and lawleſſe times.
Nor need I craue the Muſes mid-wifry,
To bring to light ſo worth-leſſe Poetry:
Or if we liſt, what baſer Muſe can bide,
To ſit and ſing by *Grantaes* naked ſide?
They hunt the tyded *Thames* and ſalt *Medway*,
Ere ſince the ſame of their late Bridall day.
Nought haue we here but willow-ſhaded ſhore,
To tell our *Grant* his banks are left for lore.

SAT

## SAT. II.

VVhilome the ſiſters nine were Veſtall maides,
And held their Temple in the ſecret ſhades.
Of faire *Parnaſſus* that two-headed hill,
Whoſe auncient fame the Southern world did fill.
And in the ſtead of their eternall fame,
Was the coole ſtreame, that tooke his endles name,
From out the fertile hooſe of winged ſteed:
There did they ſit and do their holy deed,
That pleaſ'd both heauen and earth: till that of late,
Whome ſhould I fault? or the moſt righteous Fate?
Or heauen, or men, or fiends, or ought beſide,
That euer made that foule miſchance betide?
Some of the ſiſters in ſecurer ſhades.
Defloured were:

And euer ſince diſdaining *Sacred ſhame.*
Done ought that might their heauenly ſtock defame.
Now is *Pernaſſus* turned to a ſtewes:
And on Bay-ſtocks the wanton Myrtle grewes.
*Cythêron* hill's become a Brothel-bed,
And *Pyrene* ſweete, turnd to a poyſoned head
Of cole-blacke puddle: whoſe infectious ſtaine
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitfull plaine.
Their modeſt ſtole, to gariſh looſer weede,
Deck't with loue-fauors: their late whordoms meed.
And where they wont ſip of the ſimple flood,
Now toſſe they bowles of *Bacchus* boyling bloud,
I maruelled much with doubtfull iealouſie,
Whence came ſuch Litturs of new Poetrie;
Mee thought I fear'd, leaſt the horſe-hoofed well
His natiue banks did proudly ouer-ſwell
In ſome late diſcontent, thence to enſue
Such wondrous rablements of Rime-ſters new:
But ſince, I ſaw it painted on *Fames* wings,
*The Muſes to be woxen Wantonings.*

Each

Each buſh, each bank, and ech baſe Apple-ſquire,
Can ſerue to ſate their beaſtly lewd deſire.
Ye baſtard Poets ſee your Pedigree
From common Trulls and loathſome Brothelry.

## SAT. III.

VVith ſome Pot-furie rauiſht from their wit,
They ſit and muſe on ſome no-vulgar writ:
As frozen Dung-hils in a winters morne,
That voyd of Vapours ſeemed all beforne,
Soone as the Sun, ſends out his piercing beames,
Exhale out filthie ſmoke and ſtinking ſteames:
So doth the baſe, and the fore-barren braine,
Soone as the raging wine begins to raigne.
One higher pitch'd doth fet his ſoaring thought
On crowned kings that Fortune hath low brought:
Or ſome vpreared, high-aſpiring ſwaine
As it might be the Turkiſh *Tamberlaine*.

Then

Then weeneth he his baſe drink-drowned ſpright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of heauen hight,
When he conceiues vpon his fained ſtage
The ſtalking ſteps of his greate perſonage,
Graced with huf-cap termes, and thundring threats,
That his poore hearers hayre quite vpright ſets.
Such ſoone, as ſome braue minded hungrie youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-ſtrained mouth,
He vaunts his voyce vpon an hyred ſtage,
With high-ſet ſteps, and princely carriage;
Now ſoouping in ſide robes of Royaltie,
That earſt did skrub in lowſie brokerie.
There if he can with termes Italianate,
Big-ſounding ſentences, and words of ſtate,
Faire patch me vp his pure *Iambick* verſe,
He rauiſhes the gazing Scaffolders:
Then certes was the famous *Corduban*
Neuer but halfe ſo high *Tragedian*.
Now, leaſt ſuch frightfull ſhowes of Fortunes fall,
And bloudy Tyrants rage, ſhould chance appall

# LIB I.

The dead ſtroke audience, midſt the ſilent rout,
Comes leaping in a ſelfe-mis formed lout,
And laughes, and grins, and frames his Mimik face,
And iuſtles ſtraight into the princes place.
Then doth the *Theatre Eccho* all aloud,
With gladſome noyſe of that applauding croud.
A goodly *hoch-poch*; when vile *Ruſſettings*,
Are match with monarchs, and with mightie kings.
A goodly grace to ſober *Tragick Muſe*,
When each baſe clowne, his clumbſie fiſt doth bruiſe
And ſhow his teeth in double rotten-row,
For laughter at his ſelfe-reſembled ſhow.
Meane while our Poets in high Parliament,
Sit watching euerie word, and geſturement,
Like curious Cenſors of ſome doughtie geare,
Whiſpering their verdit in their fellowes eare.
Wo to the word whoſe margent in their ſcrole,
Is noted with a blacke condemning Cole.
But if each periode might the Synode pleaſe,
Ho, bring the Iuy boughs, and bands of Bayes

Now

Now when they part and leaue the naked ſtage,
Gins the bare hearer in a guiltie rage,
To curſe and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lauiſht his late halfe-penie.
Shame that the Muſes ſhould be bought and ſold,
For euerie peaſants braſſe, on each ſcaffold.

SAT. IIII.

## SAT. IIII.

TOo popular is Tragicke Poeſie,
Strayning his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth beſides on Rimeleſſe numbers tread,
Vnbid Iambicks flow from careleſſe head.
Some brauer braine in high Heroick rimes
Compileth worm-eate ſtories of olde times:
And he like ſome imperious Maroniſt,
Coniures the muſes that they him aſſiſt.
Then ſtriues he to bumbaſt his feeble lines
With farre-fetcht phraſe:
And maketh vp his hard-betaken tale
With ſtrange enchantments, fetcht from darkeſome vale
Of ſome *Meliſſa*, that by Magicke doome
To *Tuſcans* ſoyle tranſporteth *Merlins* toombe:

Painters

Painters and Poets holde your auncient right:
Write what you will, and write not what you might:
Their limits be their liſt, their reaſon will.
But if ſome Painter in preſuming skill,
Should paint the ſtars in center of the earth,
Could ye forbeare ſome ſmiles, and taunting mirth?
But let no rebell Satyre dare traduce
Th'eternall Legends of thy Faerie Muſe,
Renowmed *Spencer*: whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much leſſe dares deſpight.
*Saluſt* of France, and *Tuſcan Arioſt*,
Yeeld vp the Lawrell garland ye haue loſt:
And let all others willow weare with me,
Or let their vndeſeruing Temples bared be.

SAT. V.

## SAT. V.

ANother, whoſe more heauie hearted Saint
Delights in nought but notes of ruſull plaint,
Vrgeth his melting Muſe with ſollem teares
Rime of ſome drerie fates of luckleſſe peeres.
Then brings he vp ſome branded whining Ghoſt,
To till how old miſſortunes had him toſt.
Then muſt he ban the guiltleſſe fates aboue,
Or fortune fraile, or vnrewarded loue.
And when he hath parbrak'd his grieued minde,
He ſends him downe where earſt he did him find,
Without one penie to pay *Charons* hire,
That waiteth for the wandring ghoſts retire.

SAT

## SAT.

ANother ſcorns the home-ſpun thred of rimes,
Match'd with the loftie feete of elder times:
Giue me the numbred verſe that *Virgill* ſung,
And *Virgill* ſelfe ſhall ſpeake the Engliſh toung:
*Manhood and garboiles ſhall he chaunt* with chaunged (feete
And head-ſtrong *Dactils* making Muſicke meete.
The nimble *Dactils* ſtriuing to out-go
The drawling *Spondees* pacing it below.

The.

The lingring Spondees, labouring to delay,
The breath-leſſe Dactils with a ſodaine ſtay.
Who euer ſaw a Colte wanton and wilde,
Yoakt with a ſlow-foote Oxe on fallow field?
Can right areed how handſomely beſets
Dull Spondees with the Engliſh Dactilets?
If *Ioue* ſpeake Engliſh in a thundring cloud,
*Thwick thwack*, and *Riffe raffe*, rores he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coyne of words neuer articulate.

SAT. VII.

## SAT. VII.

GReat is the folly of a feeble braine,
Ore-rulde with loue, and tyrannous diſdaine:
For loue, how-euer in the baſeſt breſt,
It breedes high thoughts that feed the fancie beſt.
Yet is he blinde, and leades poore fooles awrie,
While they hang gazing on their miſtreſſe eye.
The loue-ſicke Poet, whoſe importune prayer
Repulſed is with reſolute diſpaire,
Hopeth to conquer his diſdainfull dame,
With publike plaints of his conceiued flame.
Then powres he foorth in patched Sonettings,
His loue, his luſt, and loathſome flatterings:
As tho the ſtaring world hãgd on his ſleeue, (grieue.
When once he ſmiles, to laugh: and when he ſighs, to

Careth

Careth the world, thou loue, thou liue, or die?
Careth the world how faire thy faire one be?
Fond wit-wal that wouldſt lode thy wit-leſſe head
With timely hornes, before thy Bridall bed.
Then can he terme his durtie ill-fac'd Bride
Ladie and Queene, and virgin deified:
Be ſhee all ſootie-blacke, or berie browne,
Shee's white as morrows milk, or flakes new blowne.
And tho ſhe be ſome dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he her reſigne ſome refuſe roome
Amids the well-knowne ſtars: or if not there,
Sure will he ſaint her in his Calendere.

SAT.

## SAT. VIII.

HEnce ye prophane: mell not with holy things,
That *Sion* Muſe from *Paleſtina* brings.
*Parnaſſus* is transform'd to *Sion-hill*,
And *Iury-palmes* her ſteepe aſcents done fill.
Now good S. *Peter* weepes pure *Helicon*,
And both the *Maries* make a Muſicke mone:
Yea and the Prophet of the heauenly Lire,
Great *Salomon*, ſings in the Engliſh Quire,
And is become a new found Sonetiſt,
Singing his loue, the holy ſpouſe of Chriſt:
Like as ſhe were ſome light-skirts of the reſt,
In mightieſt Ink-horniſines he can thither wreſt.

Ye Sion Muſes ſhall by my deare will,
For this your zeale, and farre-admired skill,
Be ſtraight tranſported from Ieruſalem,
Vnto the holy houſe of Bethleem.

SAT.

## SAT. IX.

ENuie ye Muſes, at your thriuing Mate,
*Cupid* hath crowned a new Laureat:
I ſaw his ſtatue gayly tyr'd in greene,
As if he had ſome ſecond *Phœbus* beene.
His Statue trimd with the Venerean tree,
And ſhrined faire within your Sanctuarie.
What, he, that earſt to gaine the riming Goale
The worne Recitall-poſt of Capitol,
Rimed in rules of Stewiſh ribaldrie,
Teaching experimentall bauderie?
Whiles th'itching vulgar tickled with the ſong,
Hanged on their vnreadie Poets tongue.
Take this ye patient Muses: and foule ſhame
Shall waite vpon your once profaned name.

Take this, ye Muſes, this ſo high deſpight,
And let all hatefull luckleſſe birds of night:
Let Scriching Owles neſt in your razed rooſes,
And let your floore with horned Satyres hooſes
Be dinted and defiled euerie morne:
And let your walles be an eternall ſcorne.
What if ſome Shordich furie ſhould incite
Some luſt-ſtung ſetcher: muſt he needes indite
The beaſtly rites of hyred Venerie,
The whole worlds vniuerſall bawd to be?
Did neuer yet no damned Libertine,
Nor elder Heathen, nor new Florentine,
Tho they were famous for lewd libertie,
Venture vpon ſo ſhamefull villanie
Our Epigrammatarians olde and late,
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.
Chaſt men, they did but glaunce at *Lesbias* deed,
And handſomely leaue off with cleanly ſpeed.
But Arts of Whoring: ſtories of the ſtewes,
Ye Muſes, will ye beare, and may refuſe?
Nay let the Diuell, and Saint *Valentine*,
Be goſſips to thoſe ribald rimes of thine.

*FINIS.*

## LIB. II. 21

### Prologue.

*OR beene the* Manes *of that* Cynick *ſpright,*
*Cloth'd with ſome ſtubborn clay & led to light?*
*Or doe the relique aſhes of his graue*
*Reuiue and riſe from their forſaken caue?*
*That ſo with gall-weet words and ſpeeches rude,*
*Controls the maners of the multitude.*
*Enuie belike incites his pining heart,*
*And bids it ſate it ſelfe with others ſmart.*
*Nay, no deſpight: but angrie* Nemeſis,
*VVhoſe ſcourge doth follow all that done amiſſe:*
*That ſcourge I beare, albe in rude fiſt,*
*And wound, and ſtrike, and pardon whom ſhe liſt.*

## SAT. I.

FOr ſhame write better *Labeo*, or write none,
Or better write, or *Labeo* write alone,
Nay call the *Cynick* but a wittie foole,
Thence to abiure his handſome drinking bole:
Becauſe the thirſtie ſwaine with hollow hand,
Conueied the ſtreame to weet his drie weaſand.
*Write they that can, tho they that cannot, doe:*
*But who knowes that, but they that do not know.*
Lo what it is that makes white rags ſo deare,
That men muſt giue a teſton for a queare.
Lo what it is that makes gooſe-wings ſo ſcant,
That the diſtreſſed Semſter did them want,
So, lauiſh ope-tyde cauſeth faſting-lents,
And ſtarueling *Famine* comes of large expence.

Might

Might not (ſo they where pleaſd that beene aboue)
Long *Paper-abſtinence* our death remoue?
Then manie a *Lollerd* would in forfaitment,
Beare *Paper-fagots* ore the Pauement.
But now men wager who ſhall blot the moſt,
And each man writes. *Ther's ſo much lobour loſt,*
*That's good, that's great: Nay much is ſildome well,*
*Of what is bad, a litt'l's a greate deale.*
*Better is more: but beſt is nought at all.*
*Leſſe is the next, and leſſer criminall.*
*Little and good, is greateſt good ſaue one,*
*Then* Labeo, *or write little or write none.*
Tuſh but ſmall paynes can be but little art,
Or lode full drie-fats fro the forren mart.
With *Folio-volumes*, two to an Oxe hide,
Or elſe ye *Pamphleter* go ſtand a ſide,
Reade in each Schoole, in euerie margent coted,
In euerie Catalogue for an autour noted.
There's happineſſe well giuen, and well got,
Leſſe gifts, and leſſer gaines I weigh them not.

So may the Giant rome and write on high,
Be he a Dwarfe that writes not their as I.
But well fare *Strabo*, which as ſtories tell,
Contriu'd all *Troy* within one Walnut ſhell.
His curious ghoſt now lately hither came.
Arriuing neere the mouth of luckie Tame:
I ſaw a *Piſmire* ſtrugling with the lode,
Dragging all *Troy* home towards her abode.
Now dare we hither, if we durſt appeare,
The ſubtile *Stithy-man* that liu,d while eare:
Such one was once, or once I was miſtaught,
A Smith at *Vulcans* owne forge vp brought,
That made an Iron-chariot ſo light,
The coach-horſe was a Flea in trappings dight.
The tame-leſſe ſteed could well his wagon wield,
Through downes and dales of the vneuen field.
Striue they laugh we: meane while the black ſtorie
Paſſes new *Strabo*, and new *Straboes Troy*.
Little for great:and great for good:all one:
For ſhame or better write, or *Labeo* write none.

But

But who coniur'd this bawdie *Poggies* ghoſt,
From out the *ſtewes* of his lewde home-bred coaſt:
Or wicked *Rablais* dronken reuellings,
To grace the miſ-rule of our Tauernings?
Or who put *Bayes* into blind *Cupids* fiſt,
That he ſhould crowne what Laureats him liſt?
Whoſe words are thoſe, to remedie the deed,
That cauſe men ſtop their noſes when they read?
Both good things ill, and ill things well: all one?
For ſhame write cleanly *Labeo*, or write none.

SAT.

## SAT. II.

TO what end did our lauiſh auncestours,
Erect of old theſe ſtately piles of ours?
For thred-bare clearks, and for the ragged Muſe
Whom better fit ſome cotes of ſad ſecluſe?
Bluſh niggard *Age*, and be aſham'd to ſee,
Theſe monuments of wiſer anceſtrie.
And ye faire heapes the *Muſes* ſacred ſhrines,
(In ſpight of time and enuious repines)
Stand ſtill and flouriſh till the worlds laſt day,
Vpbrayding it with former loues decay.
Here may you *Muſes*, our deare *Soueraignes*,
Scorne each baſe *Lordling* euer you diſdaines,
And euerie peaſant churle, whoſe ſmokie rooſe
Denied harbour for your deare behooſe.
Scorne ye the world before it do complaine,
And ſcorne the world that ſcorneth you againe.

And

And ſcorne contempt it ſelfe that doth incite
Each ſingle-ſold Squire to ſet you at ſo light.
What needes me care for anie bookiſh skill,
To blot white papers with my reſtleſſe quill:
Or poare on painted leaues: or beat my braine
With far-fetch thought, or to conſume in vaine
In latter Euen, or midſt of winter nights,
Ill ſmelling oyles, or ſome ſtill-watching lights.
Let them that meane by bookiſh buiſineſſe
To earne their bread: or hopen to profeſſe
Their hard got skill: let them alone for mee;
Buſie their braines with deeper bookerie.
Great gaines ſhall bide you ſure, when ye haue ſpent
A thouſand Lamps: and thouſand Reames haue rent
Of needleſſe papers, and a thouſand nights
Haue burned out with coſtly candle lights.
Ye paliſh ghoſts of *Athens*; when at laſt,
Your patrimonie ſpent in witleſſe waſt,
Your friends all wearie, and your ſpirits ſpent,
Ye may your fortunes ſeeke: and be forwent

Of your kind coſins: and your churliſh ſires,
Left there alone, midſt the faſt-folding Briers.
Haue not I lands of faire inheritance,
Deriu'd by right of long continuance,
To firſt-borne males, ſo liſt the law to grace,
Natures firſt fruits in an eternall race?
Let ſecond brothers, and poore neſtlings,
Whom more iniurious Nature later brings
Into the naked world: let them aſſaine
To get hard peny-worths with ſo bootleſſe paine.
Tuſh what care I to be *Arceſilas*.
Or ſome ſad *Solon*: whoſe deed-furrowed face,
And ſullen head, and yellow-clouded ſight,
Still on the ſtedfaſt earth are muſing pight.
Muttring what cenſures their diſtracted minde,
Of brain-ſick Paradoxes deeply hath definde:
Or of *Parmenides*, or of darke *Heraclite*,
Whether al be one, or ought be infinite.
Long would it be, ere thou haſt purchaſe bought,
Or welthier wexen by ſuch Idle thought.

Fond

Fond foole: ſix feet ſhall ſerue for all thy ſtore:
And he that cares for moſt ſhall find no more.
We ſcorne that wealth ſhould be the finall end,
Whereto the heauenly Muſe her courſe doth bend:
And rather had be pale with learned cares,
Then paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.
Or doth thy glorie ſtand in outward glee?
A laue-ear'd Aſſe, with gold may trapped bee:
Or if in pleaſure? liue we as we may:
Let ſwiniſh *Grill* delight in dunghill clay.

SAT.

## SAT. III.

VVho doubts? The lawes fel down frō heauēs height,
Like to ſome gliding ſtarre in winters night.
*Themis* the Scribe of God did long agone,
Engraue them deepe in during Marble-ſtone,
And caſt them downe on this vnruly clay,
That men might know to rule and to obay.
But now their Characters depraued bin,
By them that would make gain of others ſin.
And now hath wrong ſo maiſtered the right,
That they liue beſt, that on wrongs offall light;
So loathly flye that liues on galled wound,
And ſcabby feſters inwardly vnſound,
Feedes fatter with that poyſnous carrion,
Then they that haunt the healthy lims alone.

Wo to the weale where many Lawiers bee,
For there is ſure much ſtore of maladie.
T'was truely ſaid, and truely was foreſeene
The fat kine are deuoured of the leane.
*Genus* and *Species* long ſince barefoote went,
Vpon their ten-toes in wilde wanderment:
Whiles father *Bartoll* on his footcloth rode,
Vpon high pauement gayly ſiluer-ſtrowd.
Each home-bred ſcience percheth in the chaire,
While ſacred artes grouell on the groundſell bare.
Since pedling *Barbariſmes* gan be in requeſt,
Nor claſſicke tongues, nor learning found no reſt.
The crowching *Client*, with low-bended knee,
And manie Worſhips, and faire flatterie,
Tels on his tale as ſmoothly as him liſt,
But ſtill the *Lawyers* eye ſquints on his fiſt:
If that ſeeme lined with a larger fee,
Doubt not the ſuite, the law is plaine for thee.
Tho muſt he buy his vainer hope with price,
Diſclout his crownes, and thanke him for aduice.

So

So haue I ſeene in a tempeſtuous ſtowre,
Some bryer-buſh ſhewing ſhelter from the ſhowre,
Vnto the hopefull ſheepe, that faine would hide
His fleecie coate from that ſame angrie tide.
The ruthleſſe breere regardleſſe of his plight,
Laies holde vpon the fleece he ſhould acquite,
And takes aduantage of the careleſſe pray,
That thought ſhe in ſecurer ſhelter lay.
The day is faire, the ſheepe would fare to feede:
The tyrant Brier holdes faſt his ſhelters meed,
And claimes it for the fee of his defence:
So robs the ſheepe, in fauours faire pretence.

## SAT. IIII.

VVOrthie were *Galen* to be weighed in gold,
Whose help doth sweetest life & helth vp-hold
Yet by S. *Esculape* he sollemne swore,
That for diseases they were neuer more,
Fees neuer lesse, neuer so little gaine,
Men giue a groate and aske the rest againe.
*Groats-worth of health*, can anie leech allot?
Yet should he haue no more that giues a groate:
Should I on each sicke plliow leane my brest.
And grope the pulse of euerie mangie wrest:
And spie out maruels in each Vrinall:
And rumble vp the filths that from them fall,
And giue a *Dosse* for euerie disease,
In prescripts long and tedious *Recipes*:
All for so leane reward of Art and me?
No Horse-leach but will looke for larger fee.
Meane while if chaunce some desp'rate patient die,
Com'n to the Period of his destinie:

(As who can croſſe the fatall reſolution,
In the decreed day of diſſolution:)
Whether ill tendment, or recureleſſe paine,
Procure his death; the neighbours all complaine,
Th'unskilfull leech murdred his patient,
By poyſon of ſome foule *Ingredient*.
Hereon the vulgar may as ſoone be brought
To *Socrates*-his poyſoned *Hemlock*-drought,
As to the wholſome *Iulap*, whoſe receat
Might his diſeaſes lingring force defeat.
If nor a dramme of *Triacle* ſoueraigne,
Or *Aqua vitæ*, or *Sugar Candian*,
Nor *Kitchin-cordials* can it remedie,
Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.
Were I a leech, as who knowes what may be,
The liberall man ſhould liue, and carle ſhould die.
The ſickly *Ladie*, and the gowtie *Peere*
Still would I haunt, that loue their life ſo deare.
Where life is deare, who cares for coyned droſſe?
That ſpent, is counted gaine, and ſpared, loſſe:

Or would coniure the *Chymick Mercurie*,
Riſe from his horſ-dung bed, and vpwards flie:
And with glaſſe-ſtils, and ſticks of *Iuniper*,
Raiſe the *Black-ſpright* that burnes not with the fire:
And bring *Quinteſſence* of *Elixir* pale,
Out of ſublimed ſpirits minerall.
Each powdred graine raunſometh captiue kings,
Purchaſeth Realmes, and life prolonged brings.

## SAT. V.

SAw'ſt thou euer *Siquis* patch'd on *Pauls* Church
To ſeeke ſome vacant Vicarage before? (doore,
Who wants a Churchman, that can ſeruice ſey,
Read faſt, and faire, his monthly Homiley?
And wed, and burie, and make Chriſten-ſoules?
Come to the left-ſide Alley of Saint Poules.
Thou ſeruile Foole, why could'ſt thou not repaire
To buy a Benefice at Steeple-Faire?
There moughteſt thou for but a ſlender price,
Aduowſon thee with ſome fat benefice:
Or if thee liſt not waite for dead mens ſhoon,
Nor pray ech morn th'incumbents daies were doon:
A thouſand Patrons thither ready bring,
Their new-falne Churches to the Chaffering,

Stake

Stake three yeares Stipend; no man asketh more:
Go take poſſeſſion of the Church-porch-doore:
And ring thy bels; lucke ſtroken in thy fiſt:
The Parſonage is thine or ere thou wiſt.
Saint Fooles of Gotam, mought thy pariſh be,
For this thy baſe and ſeruile Symonie.

## SAT. VI.

A Gentle Squire would gladly intertaine
Into his houſe, ſome trencher- Chaplaine:
Some willing man that might inſtruct his ſons,
And that would ſtand to good conditions.
Firſt that He lie vpon the Truckle-bed,
Whiles his yong maiſter lieth ore his hed.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Euer preſume to ſit aboue the ſalt.
Third, that he neuer change his trencher twiſe.
Fourth, that he vſe all common courteſies:
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe riſe and wait.
Laſt, that he neuer his yong maſter beat,
But he muſt aske his mother to define,
How manie ierkes ſhe would his breech ſhould line.
All theſe obſeru'd, he could contented bee,
To giue fiue markes and winter liuerie.

SAT.

## SAT. VII.

IN th'heauens vniuerſall Alphabet.
All earthly thinges ſo ſurely are foreſet,
That who can read thoſe figures, may foreſhew
What euer thing ſhall afterwards enſue
Faine would I know (might it our Artiſt pleaſe).
Why can his tell-troth *Ephemerides*
Teach him the weathers ſtate ſo long beforne:
And not fore-tell him, nor his fatall horne
Nor his deaths-day, nor no ſuch ſad euent
Which he mought wiſely labour to preuent?
Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainſick tale,
Of old *Aſtrologie*: where didſt thou vaile
Thy curſed head thus long: that ſo it miſt
The black bronds of ſome ſharper Satyriſt.

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The black bronds of ſome ſharper Satyriſt.

Some doting goſſip mongſt the *Chaldee* wiues,
Did to the credulous world thee firſt deriue:
And ſuperſtition nurſ'd thee euer ſence,
And publiſht in profounder *Arts* pretence:
That now who pares his nailes, or libs his ſwine,
But he muſt firſt take counſell of the ſigne.
So that the Vulgars count for faire or foule,
For liuing or for dead, for ſicke or whole:
His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,
Hangs all vpon his *New-yeares Almanack.*
If chance once in the ſpring his head ſhould ake:
It was foretold: Thus ſayes mine *Almanack.*
In th'heauens *High-ſtreete* are but dozen roomes,
In which dwels all the world, paſt and to come:
Twelue goodly *Innes* they are, with twelue fayre ſignes,
Euer well tended by our *Star-diuines.*
Euerie mans head Innes at the horned *Ramme,*
The whiles the necke the *Black-buls* gueſt became:
The 'armes by good hap, meet at the wraſtling twins,
Th' heart in the way at the *Blew-lion* innes.

The

The legs their lodging in *Aquarius* got,
That is the *Bride-ſtreete* of the heauen, I wot.
The feete tooke vp the *Fiſh* with teeth of gold:
But who with *Scorpio* lodg'd, may not be told.
What office then doth the *Star-gazer* beare?
Or let him be the heauens *Oſtelere*:
Or *Tapſters* ſome: or ſome be *Chamberlaines*,
To waite vpon the gueſts they entertaine.
Hence can they reade, by vertue of their trade,
When anie thing is miſt where it was laide.
Hence they diuine, and hence they can deuiſe:
If their ayme faile, the *Stars* to moralize.
*Demon* my friend once liuer-ſicke of loue,
Thus learn'd I by the ſignes his griefe remoue.
In the blinde *Archer* firſt I ſaw the ſigne,
When thou receiu'dſt that wilfull wound of thine:
And now in *Virgo* is that cruell mayd,
Which hath not yet with loue thy loue repaide.
But marke when once it comes to *Gemini*,
Straight way Fiſh-whole ſhall thy ſicke liuer be.

But now (as th'angrie Heauens ſeeme to threat
Manie hard Fortunes, and diſaſtres great:
If chance it come to wanton *Capricorne*,
And ſo into the *Rams* diſgracefull horne,
Then learne thou of the vgly *Scorpion*,
To hate her for her fowle abuſion:
Thy refuge then the Ballance be of Right,
Which ſhall thee from thy broken bond acquite:
So with the *Crab*, go backe whence thou began,
From thy firſt match: and liue a ſingle man.

*FINIS.*

## LIB. III. 43

### Prologue.

*SOme say my Satyres ouer-looſely flowe,*
*Nor hide their gall inough from open ſhowe:*
*Not riddle-like, obſcuring their intent;*
*But packe-ſtaffe plaine, vttring what thing they ment:*
*Contrarie to the Roman ancients,*
*VVhoſe words were ſhort, and darkeſome was their ſence.*
*VVho reades one line of their harſh poeſies,*
*Thriſe muſt he take his winde, and breath him thriſe.*
*My Muſe would follow them that haue fore-gone,*
*But cannot with an Engliſh pineon,*

*For*

*For looke how farre the ancient Comedie*
*Past former Satyres in her libertie:*
*So farre must mine yeeld vnto them of olde.*
*'Tis better be too bad, then be too bolde.*

SAT.

## SAT. I.

TIme was, and that was term'd the time of Gold,
When world and time were young, that now are (old.
(When quiet *Saturne* ſwaid the mace of lead,
And *Pride* was yet vnborne, and yet vnbred.)
Time was, that whiles the Autumne fall did laſt,
Our hungrie fires gapte for the falling maſt
of the *Dodonian* oakes.
Could no vnhusked Akorne leaue the tree,
But there was challenge made whoſe it might be.
And if ſome nice and licorous appetite,
Deſir'd more daintie diſh of rare delite,
They ſcal'd the ſtored *Crab* with claſped knee,
Till they had ſated their delicious eye:

Or

Or ſearch'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or ſowrer ſloes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'ſt of all,
They lickt oake-leaues beſprint with hony fall.
As for the thriſe three-angled beech nut-ſhell,
Or cheſnuts armed huske, and hid kernell,
No *Squire* durſt touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the Court, and for the kings owne bord.
Their royall Plate was clay, or wood, or ſtone:
The vulgar, ſaue his hand, elſe had he none.
Their onely ſeller was the neighbour brooke.
None did for better care, for better looke.
Was then no playning of the Brewers ſcape,
Nor greedie *Vintner* mixt the ſtrained grape.
The kings pauilion, was the graſſy green,
Vnder ſafe ſhelter of the ſhadie treen.
Vnder each banke men layd their lims along,
Not wiſhing anie eaſe, not fearing wrong:
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,
Not fearing ſhame, not feeling anie cold,

But

But when by *Ceres* huſwifrie and paine,
Men learn'd to burie the reuiuing graine:
And father *Ianus* taught the new found vine,
Riſe on the *Elme*, with many a friendly twine..
And baſe deſire bad men to deluen low,
For needleſſe mettals: then gan miſchiefe grow.
Then farwell fayreſt age, the worlds beſt dayes:
Thriuing in ill as it in age decaies.
Then crept in *Pride*, and peeuiſh Couetiſe:
And men grue greedie, diſcordous and nice.
Now man, that earſt *Haile-fellow* was with beaſt,
Woxe on to weene himſelfe a God at leaſt.
No aerie foule can take ſo high a flight,
Tho ſhe her daring wings in clouds haue dight:
Nor fiſh can diue ſo deepe in yeelding Sea.
Tho *Thetis-ſelfe* ſhould ſweare her ſafetie:
Nor fearfull beaſt can dig his caue ſo lowe,
All could he further then earths center go:
As that the ayre, the earth, or *Ocean*,
Sould ſhield them from the gorge of greedie man.

Hath

Hath vtmoſt *Inde* ought better then his owne?
Then vtmoſt *Inde* is neare, and riſe to gone.
O *Nature*: was the world ordain'd for nought,
But fill mans maw, and feede mans idle thought?
Thy *Grandſires* words ſauor'd of thriftie Leekes,
Or manly Garlicke, But thy furnace reekes,
Hote ſteams of wine: and can a looſe deſcrie
The drunken draughts of ſweete *Autummitie*.
They naked went: or clad in ruder hide:
Or home-ſpun *Ruſſet*, void of forraine pride:
But thou canſt maske in gariſh gauderie,
To ſuit a fooles far-fetched liuerie.
A *French* head ioyn'd to necke *Italian*:
Thy thighs from *Germanie*, and breſt fro *Spaine*:
An *Engliſhman* in none, a foole in all:
Many in one, and one in ſeuerall.
Then men were men, but now the greater part
Beaſts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good *Saturne* ſelfe, that homely Emperour?
In proudeſt pompe was not ſo clad of yore,

As

As is the ynder-groome of the Oſtlerie,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo the long date of thoſe expired daies,
Which the inſpired *Merlins* word fore-ſaies:
When dunghill Peſants ſhall be dight as kings,
*Then one confuſion* another brings:
Then farewell faireſt age, the worlds beſt daies,
Thriuing in ill, as it in age decaies.

## SAT. II.

GReat *Osmond* knowes not how he shalbe known
When once great *Osmond* shalbe dead & gone:
Vnlesse he reare vp some rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise,
*Rex Regum* written on the *Pyramis*:
Where as great *Arthur* lies in ruder oke,
That neuer felt none but the fellers stroke.
Small honour can be got with gaudie graue:
Nor it thy rotten name from death can saue.
The fairer tombe, the fowler is thy name.
The greater pompe procuring greater shame,
Thy monument make thou thy liuing deeds:
No other tombe then that, true vertue needs,

What

What? had he nought whereby he might be knowne,
But coſtly pilements of ſome curious ſtone?
The matter, Natures, and the workmans frame,
His purſes coſt; where then is *Oſmonds* name?
Deſeru'dſt thou ill? well were thy name and thee.
Wert thou inditched in great ſecrecie,
Where as no paſſenger might curſe thy duſt,
Nor dogs ſepulchrall ſate their gawning luſt.
Thine ill deſerts cannot be graued with thee,
So long as on thy graue they ingraued bee.

## SAT. III.

THe curteous Citizen bad me to his feaſt,
With hollow words, and ouerly requeſt:
Come, will ye dine with me this Holy day?
I yeelded, tho he hop'd I would ſay *Nay*:
For had I mayden'd it, as many vſe:
Loath for to graunt, but loather to refuſe.
*A lacke ſir*, I were loath, *Another day:*
*I ſhould but trouble you: pardon me, if you may.*
No pardon ſhould I need; for, to depart
He giues me leaue: and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, *Darbiſhirian wiſe:*
(That's one too manie) is a naughtie guiſe,
Who lookes for double biddings to a feaſt,
May dine at home for an importune gueſt.

I went, then saw, and found the greate expence:
The fare and fashions of our Citizens.
Oh: *Cleopatricall*: what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choise of cheare?
Beefe, that earst *Hercules* held for fineſt fare:
Porke, for the fat *Bœotian*, or the hare
For Martiall: fish for the *Venetian*,
Goose-liuer for the likorous *Romane*,
*Th' Athenians goate, Quaile, Iolans cheere*,
The *Hen* for *Esculape*; and the *Parthian Deere*,
*Grapes* for *Arceſilas*, figs for *Platoes* mouth,
And Chesnuts faire for *Amarillis* tooth.
Had'ſt thou ſuch cheere, wer't thou euer there before
Neuer: I thought ſo: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for ſo ment all that coſt:
*Neuer hence take me for thy ſecond hoſt.*
For whome he meanes to make an often gueſt,
One diſh ſhall ſerue; and welcome make the reſt.

## SAT. IIII.

VVEre yesterday *Polemons Natals* kept
That so his threshold is all freshly steept
With new-shed bloud? could he not sacrifice
Some sorry morkin that vnbidden dies:
Or meager heifer, or some roten Ewe:
But he must needs his Posts with bloud embrew,
And on his way-doore fixe the horned head,
With flowers, and with ribbands garnished?
Now shall the passenger deeme the man deuout.
What boots it be so, but the world must know't?
O the fond boasting of vaine glorious man:
Does he the best, that may the best be seene?
Who euer giues a paire of veluet shooes
To th'*holy Rood*: or liberally allowes:

Bur

But a new rope, to ring the *Couure-feu Bell*,
But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
Or grauen in the Chancel-window-glasse,
Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasse.
For he that doth so few deseruing deeds,
T'were sure his best sue for such larger meeds.
Who would inglorious liue, inglotious die,
And might eternize his names memorie?
And he that cannot brag of greater store,
Must make his somewhat much, and little more.
Nor can good *Allyson* weare on his left hond,
A signet ring of *Bristol-diamond*:
But he must cut his gloue, to shew his pride,
That his trim Iewel might be better spide:
And that men mought some *Burgesse* him repute,
With Satten sleeues hath grac'd his sackeloth sute.

## SAT. V.

FIe on all Curteſie, and vnruly windes,
Two onely foes that faire diſguiſement findes.
*Strange curſe*! But fit for ſuch a fickle age,
When *Scalpes* are ſubiect to ſuch vaſſalage.
Late trauailing along in London way,
Mee met, as ſeem'd by his diſguis'd aray,
A luſtie Courtier, whoſe curled head,
With abron locks was fairely furniſhed.
I him ſaluted in our lauiſh wiſe:
He anſweres my vntimely courteſies.
His bonnet vail'd, ere euer he could thinke,
Th'unruly winde blowes off his Periwinke.
He lights, and runs, and quickly hath him ſped,
To ouertake his ouerrunning head.

The

The ſportfull winde, to mocke the Headleſſe man,
Toſſes apace his pitch'd Rogerian:
And ſtraight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne:
There muſt my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.
I lookt, and laught, whiles in his raging minde,
*He curſt all Curteſie, and vnruly winde.*
I lookt, and laught, and much I meruailed,
To ſee ſo large a Cauſ-way in his head.
And me bethought, that when it firſt begon,
T'was ſome ſhroad Autumne, that ſo bar'd the bone.
Is't not ſweete pride, when men their crownes muſt
With that which ierks the hams of euery iade (ſhade,
Or floor-ſtrowd locks from off the Barbers ſheares?
But waxen crownes well gree with borrowed haires.

## SAT. VI.

WHen *Gullion* di'd (who knowes not *Gullion*?)
And his drie ſoule arriu'd at *Acheron*,
He faire beſought the Feryman of hell,
That he might drinke to dead *Pantagruel*.
*Charon* was afraid leaſt thirſtie *Gullion*,
Would haue drunke drie the riuer *Acheron*.
Yet laſt conſented for a little hyre,
And downe he dips his chops deepe in the myre,
And drinks, and drinks, and ſwallows in the ſtreeme,
Vntill the ſhallow ſhores all naked ſeeme.
Yet ſtill he drinkes, nor can the *Botemans* cries,
Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers make him riſe.
So long he drinkes, till the blacke *Carauell*,
Stands ſtill faſt grauel'd on the mud of hell.

There

There ſtand they ſtill, nor can go, nor retyre,
Tho greedie ghoſts quicke paſſage did require.
Yet ſtand they ſtill, as tho they lay at rode,
Till *Gullion* his bladder would vnlode.
They ſtand, and waite, and pray for that good houre:
Which when it came, they ſailed to the ſhore.
But neuer ſince dareth the Feryman,
Once intertaine the ghoſt of *Gullian*.
Drinke on drie ſoule, and pledge ſir *Gullion*:
Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine owne.

*Deſunt nonnulla.*

SAT.

## SAT. VII.

SEeſt thou how gayly my yong maiſter goes,
Vaunting himſelfe vpon his riſing toes,
And pranks his hand vpon his daggers ſide,
And picks his glutted teeth ſince late Noon-tide?
Tis *Ruffio*: Trow'ſt thou where he din'd to day:
In ſooth I ſaw him ſit with Duke *Humfray*.
Manie good welcoms, and much *Gratis* cheere,
Keepes he for euerie ſtragling *Caualiere*:
An open houſe haunted with greate reſort,
Long ſeruice mixt with Muſicall diſport.
Manie faire yonker with a fether'd creſt,
Chooſes much rather be his ſhot free gueſt,
To fare ſo freely with ſo little coſt,
Then ſtake his *Twelue-pence* to a meaner hoſt.

Hadſt

Hadſt thou not told me, I ſhould ſurely ſay,
He touch't no meat of all this liue-long day.
For ſure me thought, yet that was but a gheſſe,
His eyes ſeeme ſunke for verie hollowneſſe,
But could he haue (as I did it miſtake)
So little in his purſe, ſo much vpon his backe:
So nothing in his maw: yet ſeemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut, no too much ſtuffing felt.
Seeſt thou how ſide it hangs beneath his hip?
*Hunger, and heauie Iron* makes girdles ſlip.
Yet for all that, how ſtifly ſtrits he by,
All trapped in the new-found brauerie.
The *Nuns* of new-woon *Cales* his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their ſo kind a Conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from fartheſt *Spaine*,
His *Grandame* could haue lent with leſſer paine?
Tho he perhaps neuer paſt the Engliſh ſhore;
Yet faine would counted be a Conquerour.
His haire *French like*; ſtares on his frighted hed,
One locke *Amazon-like* diſheueled:

As if he ment to weare a natiue cord,
If chaunce his *Fates* ſhould him that bane afford,
All *Britiſh* bare vpon the briſtled skin,
Cloſe noched is his beard both lip and chin:
His linnen collar *Labyrinthian*-ſet,
Whoſe thouſand double turnings neuer met:
His ſleeues halfe hid with elbow-*Pineonings*,
As if he ment to flie with linnen wings.
But when I looke and caſt mine eyes below,
What monſter meets mine eyes in humane ſhow?
So lender waſt with ſuch an Abbots loyne,
Did neuer ſober Nature ſure conioyne.
Lik'ſt a ſtrawne ſcar-crow in the new-ſowne field,
Reard on ſome ſticke, the tender corne to ſhield:
Or if that ſemblance ſuite not euerie deale,
Like a broad ſhak-forke with a ſlender ſteale.
Deſpiſed Nature ſuit them once aright,
Their bodie to their cote: both now miſ-dight:
Their bodie to their clothes might ſhapen bee,
That nill their clothes ſhape to their bodie.

Meane

Meane while I wonder at ſo prowd a backe,
Whiles th'emptie guts lowd rumblen for long lacke,
The bellie enuieth the backs bright glee,
And murmurs at ſuch inequalitie.
The backe appeares vnto the partiall eine,
The plaintiue belly pleads they bribed beene:
And he for want of better Aduocate,
Doth to the eare his iniurie relate.
The backe inſulting ore the bellies need,
Saies: thou thy ſelfe, I others eyes muſt feed.
The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine
The backs great pride, and their owne ſecret paine.
Ye witleſſe gallants, I beſhrew your hearts,
That ſets ſuch diſcord twixt agreeing parts,
Which neuer can be ſet at oneiment more,
Vntill the mawes wide mouth be ſtopt with ſtore.

THE

## THE. CONCLVSION of all.

*THus haue I writ in ſmoother Cedar tree,*
*So gentle Satyrs, pend ſo eaſily.*
*Henceforth I write in crabbed oake-tree rindes*
*Search they that meane the ſecret meaning finde.*
*Holde out ye guiltie, and ye galled hides,*
*And meete my far-fetch't ſtripes with waiting ſides.*

FINIS.

# VIRGIDEMIARVM:

## The three laſt Bookes.

*Of byting Satyres.*

Corrected and amended with ſome Additions. by *I. H.*

Imprinted at London for *Robert Dexter*, at the ſigne of the Braſen *Serpent in Paules Church yard.*

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# The Authors charge to his *Satyres.*

*YE luck-leſſe Rymes, whom not vnkindly ſpight*
*Begot long ſince of Trueth and holy Rage,*
*Lye heere in wombe of Silence and ſtill Night*
*Vntill the broyles of next vnquiet age:*
*That which is others graue, ſhalbe your wombe,*
*And that which beares you, your eternall Toombe.*

*Ceaſe ere ye gin, and ere ye liue be dead,*
*And dye and liue ere euer ye be borne,*
*And be not bore, ere ye be buried,*
*Then after liue, ſith you haue dy'd beforne,*
*When I am dead and rotten in the duſt,*
*Then gin to liue, and leaue when others luſt.*

*For when I die, ſhall Enuie die with mee*
*And lye deepe ſmothered with my Marble-ſtone,*
*Which while I liue cannot be done to dye,*

*Nor*

*Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,*
*Will hardly yeeld t'await my mourning hearse.*
*But for my dead corps change my liuing verse.*

*What shall the ashes of my senseless vrne,*
*Neede to regard the rauing world aboue.*
*Sith afterwards I neuer can returne*
*To feele the force of hatred or of loue?*
*Oh if my soule could see their Post-hume spight*
*Should it not ioy and triumph in the sight?*

*What euer eye shalt finde this hatefull scrole*
*After the date of my deare* Exequies,
*Ah pitty thou my playning* Orphanes *dole*
*That faine would see the sunne before it dies:*
*It dy'de before, now let it liue againe,*
*Then let it die, and bide some famous bane.*

Satis est potuisse videri.

# VIRGIDEMIARVM LIB. 4.

# VIRGILIANARVM
## LIB. 4.

## SAT. 1.

*Che baiar vuol, bai!*

WHO dares vpbraid theſe open rimes of mine
With blindfold *Aquines*, or darke *Venuſine?*
Or tough-hew'ne *Terentiſmes* writ in th'antique vain
Like an old *Satyre*, and new *Flaccian?*
Which who reads thriſe, & rubs his rugged brow,
And deepe intendeth euery doubtfull row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing ſtars
And hundreth crooked interlinears,
(Like to a Merchants debt-role new defac't
When ſome crack'd *Manour* croſt his book at laſt)
Should all in rage the Curſe-beat Page out-riue,
And in ech duſt-heape bury mee aliue

## *SAT.* 1.

Stamping like *Bucephall*, whose slackned raines,
And bloody fet-lockes fry with seuen mens braines;
More cruell than the crauon *Satyres* Ghost,
That bound dead bones vnto a burning post,
Or some more strait-lac'd Iuror of the rest,
Impannel'd of an Holy-Fax inquest;
Yet wel bethought stoops downe, and reads a new:
The best lies low, and loathes the shallow view,
Quoth old *Eudemon*, when his gout-swolne fist
Gropes for his double Ducates in his chist:
Then buckle close his eareless lyds once more,
To pose the pore-blinde snake of *Epidaore*.
That *Lyncius* may be match't with *Gaulards* sight,
That sees not *Paris* for the houses height;
Or wilie *Cyppus*, that can winke and snort
Whiles his wife dallies on *Macenas* skort;
Yet when hee hath my crabbed Pamphlet red
As oftentimes as *PHILLIP* hath beene dead,

Bids

## *SAT.* 1.

Bids all the Furies haunt each peeuiſh line
That thus haue rackt their friendly readers eyne;
Worſe than the *Logogryphes* of later times,
Or *Hundreth Riddles* ſhak't to ſleeue-leſſe rimes;
Should I endure theſe curſes and diſpight
While no mans eare ſhould glow at what I write?
*Labeo* is whip't, and laughs mee in the face:
Why? for I ſmite and hide the galled place.
Gird but the *Cynicks* Helmet on his head,
Care ſhee for *Talus*, or his flayle of lead?
Long as the craftie *Cuttle* lieth ſure
In the blacke *Cloude* of his thicke vomiture;
Who liſt complaine of wronged faith or fame
When hee may ſhift it to anothers name?
*Calnus* can ſcratch his elbow, and can ſmile,
That thrift-leſſe *Pontice* bites his lip the while.
Yet I intended in that ſelfe deuiſe,
To checke the churle for his knowne couetiſe.

## *SAT. 1.*

Ech points his ſtraight fore-finger to his friend,
Like the blind Diall on the Belfrey end:
Who turnes it homeward to ſay, this is I,
As bolder *Socrates* in the Comedy?
But ſingle out, and ſay once plat and plaine
That coy *Matrona* is a Curtizan,
Or thou falſe *Cryſpus* chokd'ſt thy wealthie gueſt
Whiles hee lay ſnoring at his midnight reſt,
And in thy dung-cart did'ſt the carkaſſe ſhrine
And deepe intombe it in *Port-eſquiline*.
Proud *Trebius* liu's for all his princely gate
On third-hand ſuits, and ſcrapings of the plate,
*Titius* knew not where to ſhroude his head
Vntill hee did a dying widow wed
Whiles ſhe lay doting on her deathes bed,
And now hath purchaſ'd lands with one nights paine
And on the morrow woes and weds againe.
Now ſee I fire-flakes ſparkle from his eyes

Like

## SAT. III.

Like a *Comets* tayle in th'angry skies,
His pouting cheeks puffe vp aboue his brow
Like a ſwolne Toad touch't with the Spyders blow;
His mouth ſhrinks ſidewatd like a ſcornefull *Playſe*
To take his tired Eares ingratefull place:
His Eares hang lauing like a new-lug'd ſwine
To take ſome counſell of his grieued eyne,
Now laugh I loud, and breake my ſplene to ſee
This pleaſing paſtime of my poeſie,
Much better than a Paris-garden Beare,
Or prating puppet on a Theatere,
Or *Mimoes* whiſtling to his tabouret
Selling a laughter for a cold meales meate.
Go to then ye my ſacred *Sermones*,
And pleaſe me more, the more ye do diſpleaſe;
Care we for all thoſe bugs of ydle feare?
For *Tigels* grinning on the Theater,
Or ſcar-babe threatnings of the raſcal crue,

## *SAT.* 1.

Or wind-ſpent verdicts of each Ale-knights view?
What euer breſt doth freeze for ſuch falſe dread,
Beſhrow his baſe white liuer for his meede.
Fond were that pitie, and that feare were ſin,
To ſpare waſt leaues that ſo deſerued bin.
Thoſe toothleſſe *Toyes* that dropt out by miſ-hap,
Bee but as lightning to a thunder-clap:
Shall then that foule infamous *Cyneds* hide
Laugh at the purple wales of others ſide?
Not, if hee were as neere, as by report,
The ſtewes had wont to be to the Tenis-court,
Hee that while thouſands enuie at his bed,
Neighs after Bridals, and freſh-mayden heade;
While ſlauiſh *Iuno* dares not looke awry
To frowne at ſuch imperious riualrye,
Not tho ſhee ſees her wedding Iewels dreſt
To make new Bracelets for a ſtrumpets wreſt,
Or like ſome ſtrange diſguiſed *Meſſaline*,

Hires

## SAT. 1.

Hires a nights lodging of his concubine;
Whether his twilight-torch of loue do call
To reuils of vncleanly Muſicall,
Or midnight plaies, or Tauerns of new wine,
Hy ye white Aprons to your Land-Lords ſigne;
When all, ſaue tooth-leſſe age or infancie,
Are ſummon'd to the Court of Venerie.
Who liſt excuſe? when chaiſter dames can hyre,
Some ſnout-faire ſtripling to their Apple-ſquire:
Whom ſtaked vp like to ſome ſtallion-ſteede
They keepe with Egs and Oyſters for the breede.
O *Lucine!* barren *Caia* hath an heire
After her huſband's dozen yeares deſpaire.
And now the bribed Mid-wife ſweares apace,
The baſtard babe doth beare his fathers face.
But hath not *Lelia* paſt hir virgine yeares?
For modeſt ſhame (God wot) or penall feares.
He tels a Merchant tidings of a priſe,

That

## *SAT.* 1.

That tels *Cynedo* of ſuch nouelties,
Worth little leſſe than landing of a Whale,
Or *Gades* ſpoyles, or a churles funerale:
Go bid the baines and point the bridall day,
His broking Baud hath got a noble prey,
A vacant tenement, an honeſt dowre
Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
That hee, baſe wretch, may clog his wit-old head
And giue him hanſell of his Hymen-bed.
Ho! all ye Females that would liue vnſhent
Fly from the reach of *Cyneds* regiment,
If Trent be drawne to dregs, and Low refuſe,
Hence ye hot lechour, to the ſteaming ſtewes.
*Tyber* the famous ſinke of Chriſtendome
Turn thou to *Thames*, & *Thames* rũn towards *Rome*:
What euer damned ſtreame but thine were meete
To quench his luſting liuers boyling heate?
Thy double draught may quench his dog-daies rage

With

## SAT. 1.

With ſome ſtale *Bacchis*, or obſequious page,
When writhen *Lena* makes her ſale-ſet ſhowes
Of wooden *Venus* with faire limned brow'es;
Or like him more ſome vailed *Matrons* face,
Or trained prentiſe trading in the place:
The cloſe adultreſſe, where her name is red
Coms crauling from her huſbands lukewarme bed,
Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours ſweete,
Groping the poſtern with her bared feet,
Now play the *Satyre* who ſo liſt for mee,
*Valentine* ſelfe, or ſome as chaſt as hee.
In vaine ſhe wiſheth long *Alchmænaes* night,
Curſing the haſty dawning of the light,
And with her cruell Ladie-ſtarre vproſe
Shee ſeekes hir third rouſt on her ſilent toes,
Beſmeared all with loathſome ſmoke of luſt
Like *Acherons* ſteemes, or ſmoldring ſulphur duſt:
Yet all day ſits ſhee ſimpring in her mew

Like

## *SAT.* 1.

Like ſome chaſt dame, or ſhrined ſaynct in ſhew,
Whiles hee lies wallowing with a weſtie hed
And paliſh carkaſſe, on his Brothel-bed,
Till his ſalt bowels boyle with poyſonous fire,
Right *Hercules* with his ſecond *Deianire.*
O *Eſculape!* how riſe is Phiſicke made,
When ech Braſſe-baſen can profeſſe the trade
Of ridding pockie wretches from their paine,
And doe the beaſtly cure for ten-groats gaine?
Al theſe & more, deſerue ſome blood-drawne lines:
But my ſixe Cords beene of too looſe a twine.
Stay till my beard ſhall ſweepe myne aged breſt,
Then ſhall I ſeeme an awfull *Satyriſt:*
While now my rimes reliſh of the Ferule ſtill,
Some noſe-wiſe *Pedant* ſaith; whoſe deepe-ſene skil
Hath three times conſtrued either *Flaccus* ore,
And thriſe rehearſ'd them in his Triuiall floare,
So let them taxe mee for my hote-bloodes rage,
Rather than ſay I doted in my age. *Arca-*

## SAT. 2.

### *Arcades ambo.*

OLD driueling *Lolio* drudges all he can,
To make his eldeſt ſonne a Gentleman.
Who can deſpaire that ſees another thriue,
By lone of twelue-pence to an Oyſter-wiue?
When a craz'd ſcaffold, and a rotten ſtage,
Was all rich *Nanius* his heritage.
Nought ſpendeth he for feare, nor ſpares for coſt:
And all he ſpendes and ſpaires beſide is loſt;
Himſelfe goes patched like ſome bare *Cottyer*,
Leaſt he might ought the future ſtocke appeyre.
Let giddie *Coſmius* change his choyce aray,
Like as the *Turke* his Tents thirſe in a day.

And

## *SAT.* 1

And all to ſun and ayre his ſuites vntold
From ſpitfull mothes, and frets, and hoary mold,
Bearing his paune-layd lands vpon his backe
As Snailes their ſhels, or Pedlers do their packe:
Who cannot ſhine in tiſſues and pure gold,
That hath his lands and patrimony ſold?
*Lolioes* ſide-cote is rough *Pampilian*
Guilded with drops that downe the boſome ran,
White Carſy hoſe, patched on eyther knee,
The very Emblemé of good huſbandrie,
And a knit night-cap made of courſeſt twine,
With two long labels button'd to his chin;
So rides he mounted on the market-day
Vpon a ſtraw-ſtuft pannel, all the way,
With a maund charg'd with houſhold marchandiſe
With egs, or white-meate, from both Dayries:
And with that byes he roſt for ſunday-noone,
Proud how he made that weeks prouiſion:

Elſe

## *SAT.* 1.

Elſe is he ſtall-fed on the worky-day
With browne-bread cruſts ſoftened in ſodden whey,
Or water-grewell, or thoſe paups of meale
That *Maro* makes his *Simule*, and *Cibeale*:
Or once a wecke perhaps for nouelty,
Reez'd Bacon-ſoords ſhall feaſt his familie;
And weens this more than one egge cle'ft in twaine
To feaſt ſome patrone and his Chappelaine:
Or more than is ſome hungry gallants dole,
That in a dearth runs ſneaking to an hole,
And leaues his man and dog to keepe his hall
Leaſt the wilde roome ſhould run forth of the wall.
Good man, him liſt not ſpend his idle meales
In quinſing Plouers, or in wining Quales;
Nor toot in Cheap ſide baſkets earne and late
To fet the firſt tooth in ſome noueli-cate. (pleaſe
Let ſweete-mouth'd *Mercia* bid what crowns ſhe
For halfe-ted Cherries, or greene garden-peaſe,

Or

## SAT. 2.

Or the first Artichoks of all the yeare,
To make so lauish cost for little cheare:
When *Lolio* feasteth in his reueling fit,
Some sterued Pullen scoures the rusted spitt.
For else how should his sonne maintained bee,
At Ins of Court or of the Chancerie:
There to learne Law, and courtly carriage,
To make amendes for his meane parentage,
Where he vnknowne and ruffling as he can,
Goes currant each-where for a Gentleman?
What Brokers lousy wardrop cannot reach,
With tissued paines to pranck ech peasants breech?
Couldst thou but giue the wall, the cap, the knee,
To proud *Sartorio* that goes stradling by,
Wer't not the needle pricked on his sleeue
Doth by good hap the secret watch-word giue?
But hear'st thou *Lolioes* sonne, gin not thy gate,
Vntill the euening Oule or bloody-Batt.

Neuer

## SAT. 2.

Neuer vntill the lamps of *Paules* beene light,
And niggard lanternes ſhade the Moon-ſhine night;
Then when the guiltie bankrupt in bolde dreade,
From his cloſe Cabin thruſts his ſhrinking heade;
That hath beene long in ſhady ſhelter pent
Impriſoned for feare of priſonment.
May be ſome ruſſet-cote *Parochian*
Shall call thee coſen, friend, or countryman,
And for thy hoped firſt croſſing the ſtreete,
Shall in thy fathers name his God-ſon greete,
Could neuer man worke thee a worſer ſhame
Then once to minge thy fathers odious name,
Whoſe mention were alike to thee as leeue,
As a Catch-pols fiſt vnto a Bankrupts ſleeue;
Or an, *Hosego*, from old *Petrarchs* ſpright
Vnto a Plagiarie ſonnet-wright.
There ſoone as he can kiſſe his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,

## *SAT.* 2.

Or make a *Spaniſh* face with fauning cheere,
With th'Iland-Conge like a Caualier,
And ſhake his head, and cringe his necke and ſide,
Home hyes he in his father's Farme to bid.
The Tenants wonder at their land-Lords Sonne,
And bleſſe them at ſo ſudden comming on,
More then who vies his pence to view ſome tricke
Of ſtranges *Moroccoes* dumbe Arithmeticke,
Or the young Elephant, or two-tayl'd ſteere,
Or the rig'd Camell, or the Fidling Frere.
Nay then his *Hodge* ſhall leaue the plough & waine,
And buy a booke, and go to ſchoole againe:
Why mought not he aſwell as others done,
Riſe from his *Feſtue* to his *Littleton*?
Fooles, they may feed with words & liue by ayre,
That climbe to honour by the Pulpits ſtayre:
Sit ſeauen yeares pining in an Anchores cheyre,
To win ſome parched ſhreds of *Mininere*,

And

## *SAT.* 2.

And ſeuen more plod at a Patrons tayles
To get a gelded Chappels cheaper ſayle.
Old *Lolio* ſees and laugheth in his ſleeue,
At the great hope they and his ſtate doe giue,
But that which glads and makes him proud'ſt of all,
Is when the brabling neighbours on him call,
For counſell in ſome crabbed caſe of law,
Or ſome Indentments, or ſome bond to draw:
His Neighbours gooſe hath grazed on his Lea,
What action mought be entred in the plea?
So new falne lands haue made him in requeſt,
That now he lookes as lofty as the beſt.
And well done *Lolio*, like a thriftie ſyre,
T'were pitty but thy ſonne ſhould prooue a ſquire.
How I fore-ſee in many ages paſt,
When *Lolioes* caytiue name is quite deſa'ſt,
Thine heire, thine heyres heyre, & his heyre againe
From out the loynes of carefull *Lolian*,

## SAT. 2.

Shall climbe vp to the Chancell pewes on hie,
And rule and raigne in their rich Tenancie;
When pearch't aloft to perfect their eſtate
They racke their rents vnto a treble rate;
And hedge in all the neighbour common-lands,
And clodge their ſlauiſh tenant with commaunds,
Whiles they, poore ſoules, with feeling ſighs cõplain
And wiſh old *Lolio* were aliue againe,
And praiſe his gentle ſoule and wiſh it well
And of his friendly facts full often tell.
His father dead, tuſh, no it was not hee,
He findes recordes of his great pedigree,
And tels how firſt his famous Anceſtor
Did come in long ſince with the Conquerour.
Nor hath ſome bribed Herald firſt aſſign'd
His quartered Armes and creſt of gentle kinde,
The Scottiſh Barnacle (if I might chooſe)
That of a worme doth waxe a winged gooſe;

Nathe-

## *SAT.* 2.

Natheleſſe ſome hungry ſquire for hope of good
Matches the churles Sonne into gentle blood,
Whoſe ſonne more iuſtly of his gentry boaſts
Than who were borne at two pide painted poſtes;
And had ſome traunting Merchant to his ſyre
That trafiqu'd both by water and by fyre.
O times! ſince euer *Rome* did Kings create,
Braſſe Gentlemen, and *Cæſars* Laureate.

# SAT. 3.

## *Fuimus Troës.*

## VEL

## *Vix ea nostra.*

VVHat boots it *Pontice*, tho thou could'st discourse
Of a long golden line of Anceſtors?
Or ſhew their painted faces gaylie dreſt,
From euer ſince before the laſt conqueſt;
Or tedious Bead-roles of deſcended blood,
From Father *Iaphet* ſince *Deucalions* flood,
Or call ſome old Church-windowes to record
The age of thy fayre Armes,
Or find ſome figures halfe obliterate
In rain-beat Marble neare to the Church-gate,

Vpon

## *SAT.* 3.

Vpon a Croſſe-leg'd Toombe: what boots it thee
To ſhew the ruſted *Buckle* that did tie
The Garter of thy greateſt Grand ſires knee?
What to reſerue their reliques many yeares,
Their ſiluer-ſpurs, or ſpils of booken ſpeares;
Or cyte olde *Oclands* verſe, how they did weild
The wars in *Turwin*, or in *Turney* field?
And if thou canſt in picking ſtrawes engage,
In one halfe day thy fathers heritage,
Or hide what euer treaſures he the got,
In ſome deepe Cock-pit; or in deſperate Lot
Vpon a fixe-ſquare peece of Iuorie,
Throw both thy ſelfe, and thy poſteritie?
Or if (O ſhame!) in hired Harlots bed
Thy wealthie heyre-dome thou haue buried:
Then *Pontice* little boots thee to diſcourſe
Of a long golden line of Anceſtors.
Ventrous *Fortunio* his farme hath ſold,

## SAT. 3.

And gads to *Guiane* land to fiſh for gold,
Meeting perhaps, if *Orenoque* denye,
Some ſtragling pinnace of *Polonian* Rie.
Then comes home floting with a ſilken ſayle,
That *Seuerne* ſhaketh with his Canon-peale;
Wiſer *Raymundus* in his cloſet pent,
Laughs at ſuch danger and aduenturement;
When halfe his lands are ſpent in golden ſmoke,
And now his ſecond hopefull glaſſe is broke.
But yet if haply his third fornace hold,
Deuoteth all his pots and pans to gold;
So ſpend thou *Pontice*, if thou canſt not ſpare,
Like ſome ſtout ſea-man or *Philoſopher*;
And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praiſe,
No thanke to thee by whom their name decays;
By vertue got they it, and valourous deed,
Do thou ſo *Pontice*, and be honoured:
But elſe looke how their vertue was their owne,

Not

## SAT. 3.

Not capable of propagation,
Right ſo their titles beene, nor can be thine,
Whoſe ill deſerts might blanke their golden line.
Tell me, thou gentle *Troian*; doſt thou priſe
Thy brute beaſts worth by their dams qualities?
Say'ſt thou this Colt ſhall prooue a ſwift-pac'd ſteed
Onely becauſe a *Iennet* did him breed?
Or ſay'ſt thou this ſame Horſſe ſhall win the prize,
Becauſe his dame was ſwifteſt *Truncheſice*,
Or *Runceuall* his Syre; himſelfe a *Gallaway*?
Whiles like a tireling Iade he lags half-way;
Or whiles thou ſeeſt ſome of thy *Stallion-race*,
Their eyes boar'd out, masking the Miliers-maze,
Like to a *Scythian* ſlaue ſworne to the payle;
Or dragging froathy barrels at his tayle?
Albee wiſe Nature in her prouidence,
Wont in the want of reaſon and of ſence,
Traduce the natiue vertue with the kind,

Making

## *SAT.* 3.

Making all brute and ſenceleſſe things inclin'd,
Vnto their cauſe, or place where they were ſowne;
That one is like to all, and all like one.
Was neuer Foxe, but wylie cubs begets,
The Beare his feirce-neſſe to his brood beſets;
Nor fearefull Hare fals out of Lyons ſeed,
Nor Eagle wont the tender Doue to breed;
*Creet* euer wont the Cypreſſe ſad to beare,
*Acheron* banks the paliſh Popelare;
The Palme doth rifely riſe in Iury field,
And *Alpheus* waters nought but Oliues wild.
*Aſopus* breeds big-Bul-ruſhes alone,
*Meander* heath; Peaches by *Nilus* growne;
An Engliſh Wolfe, an Iriſh Toad to ſee,
Were as a chaſt-man nurſ'd in *Italy*.
And now when *Nature* giues another guide,
To humane kind that in his boſome bides:
Aboue inſtinct, his reaſon and diſcourſe,

His

## SAT. 3.

His beeing better, is his life the worse?
Ah me! how seldome see we sonnes succeed
Their Fathers praise in prowesse and great deed?
Yet certes if the Syre be ill inclin'd,
His faults befal his sonnes by course of kind.
*Scaurus* was couetous; his sonne not so,
But not his pared nayle will hee forgoe:
*Florian* the syre did women loue alife,
And so his sonne doth too, all, but his wife:
Brag of thy Fathers faults, they are thine owne;
Brag of his lands, if those be not forgone:
Brag of thine owne good deeds, for they are thine,
More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

*Plus*

## SAT. 4.

### *Plus beauque fort.*

CAn I not touch ſome vpſtart carpet-ſhield
Of *Lolio's* ſonne, that neuer ſaw the field,
Or taxe wild *Pontice* for his *Luxuries*,
But ſtraight they tell mee of *Tireſias* eyes?
Or luckleſſe *Collingborns* feeding of the crowes,
Or hundreth *Scalps* which *Thames* ſtill vnderflowes?
But ſtraight *Sigalion* nods and knits his browes,
And winkes and waſtes his warning hand for feare,
And liſps ſome ſilent letters in my eare?
Haue I not vow'd for ſhunning ſuch debate
(Pardon ye Satyres) to degenerate?
And wading low in this plebeian lake

That

## *SAT.* 4.

That no ſalt waue ſhall froath vpon my backe,
Let *Labeo*, or who elſe liſt for mee,
Go looſe his eares and fall to *Alchymie*:
Onely, let *Gallio* giue me leaue a while
To ſchoole him once, or ere I change my ſtyle.
O lawleſſe paunch the cauſe of much deſpight,
Through raunging of a curriſh appetite,
When ſpleniſh morſels cram the gaping Maw,
Withouten diets care, or trencher-law,
Tho neuer haue I *Salerne* rimes profeſt
To be ſome Ladies trencher-criticke gueſt;
Whiles each bit cooleth for the Oracle
Whoſe ſentence charms it with a ryming ſpell;
Touch not this Coler, that Melancholy
This bit were drie and hote, that cold and dry;
Yet can I ſet my *Gallios* dieting,
A peſtle of a Larke, or Plouers wing,
And warne him not to caſt his wanton eyne

On

## *SAT.* 4.

On groſſer Bacon, or ſalt Haberdine,
Or dried Fliches of ſome ſmoked Beeue,
Hang'd on a writhen wythe, ſince *Martins* eue,
Or burnt Larkes heeles, or Raſhers raw and greene,
Or Melancholike liuer of an Hen,
Which ſtout *Vorano* brags to make his feaſt,
And claps his hand on his braue Oſtrige-breaſt;
Then fals to praiſe the hardy *Ianizar*,
That ſucks his horſe ſide thirſting in the warre.
Laſtly to ſeale vp all that he hath ſpoke,
Quaffes a whole Tunnell of Tabacco ſmoke:
If *Martius* in boyſtrous Buffes be dreſt,
Branded with Iron plates vpon the breſt,
And pointed on the ſhoulders, for the nonce,
As new-come from the *Belgian* garriſons:
What ſhall thou need to enuie ought at that,
When as thou ſmelleſt like a *Ciuet Cat*;
When as thine oyled locks ſmooth platted fall,

Shining

## *SAT. 4.*

Shining like varniſht pictures on a wall.
When a plum'd Fanne may ſhade thy chalked face,
And lawny ſtrips thy naked boſome grace.
If brabling *Make-fray* at ech Fayre and Siſe
Picks quarrels for to ſhow his valiantiſe,
Straight preſſed for an hungry *Swizzers* pay
To thruſt his fiſt to ech part of the fray,
And piping hote puffes toward the pointed plaine
With a broad *Scot*, or proking ſpit of *Spayne*,
Or hoyſeth ſayle vp to a ſorraine ſhore,
That he may liue a lawleſſe Conquerer.
If ſome ſuch deſperate *Hakſter* ſhall deuiſe
To rouze thine Hares-heart from her cowardiſe,
As idle children ſtriuing to excell
In blowing bubles from an emptie ſhell;
Oh *Hercules* how like to proue a man,
That all ſo rath thy warlike life began?
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle ſet,

Her

## SAT. 4.

Her husbands rusty iron corselet;
Whose iargling sound might rocke her babe to rest
That neuer plain'd of his vneasie nest
There did he dreame of drery wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, & won, ere he could stand;
But who hath seene the Lambs of *Tarentive*,
May gesse what *Gallio* his manners beene;
All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,
Soft as the fumie ball, or *Morrians* crowne;
Now *Gallio*, gins thy youthly heat to raigne
In euery vigorous limme, and swelling vaine,
Time bids the raise thine hedstrong thoughts on hy
To valour and aduenterous chiualry;
Pawne thou no gloue for challenge of the deede,
Nor make thy *Quintaine* others armed head
T'enrich the waiting Herald with thy shame
And make thy losse, the scornefull scaffolds game.
Wars; God forfend; nay God defend from warre,

Soone

## *SAT.* 4.

Soone are Sonns-ſpent, that not ſoone reared are:
*Gallio* may pull me roſes ere they fall,
Or in his net entrap the Tennis-ball:
Or tend his Spar-hauke mantling in her mew,
Or yelping Begles buſy heeles perſue,
Or watch a ſinking corke vpon the ſhore,
Or halter Finches through a priuie doore,
Or liſt he ſpend the time in ſportfull game,
In daily courting of his louely dame,
Hange on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
Dance in her hand, ioy in her iollity,
Here's little perill, and much leſſer paine,
So timely *Hymen* doe the reſt reſtraine:
Hy wanton *Gallio* and wed betime,
Why ſhould'ſt thou leeſe the pleaſures of thy prime?
Seeſt thou the Roſe-leaues fall vngathered?
Then hye thee wanton *Gallio* to wed:
Let Ring and Ferule meet vpon thine hand,

## *SAT.* 4.

And *Lucines* girdle with her ſwathing-bands,
Hy thee and giue the world yet one dwarfe more:
Such as it got when thou thy ſelfe waſt bore:
Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
Can neuer happines to ſoone begin;
*Virginius* vow'd to keepe his Mayden-head,
And eats chaſt Lettuce, and drinkes Poppy-ſeed,
And ſmels on Camphyre faſting: and that done,
Long hath he liu'd, chaſt as a vayled Nunne,
Free as a new-abſolued *Damoſell*
That Frier *Cornelius* ſhriued in his Cell,
Till now he waxt a toothleſſe Bacheler,
He thaw's like *Chaucers* froſtie *Ianiuere*
And ſets a months minde vpon ſmiling *May*.
And dyes his beard that did his age bewray;
Byting on Annis-ſeede, and Roſe-marine,
Which might the Fume of his rot lungs refine:

Now

## SAT. 4.

Now he in *Charons* barge a Bride doth seeke,
The maydens mocke, and call him withered Leeke,
That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

## SAT. 5.

### *Stupet Albus ære.*

VVOuld now that *Matho* were the *Satyriſt*,
That ſome fat bribe might greaze him in the fiſt,
For which he need not braule at any barre
Nor kiſſe the booke to be a periurer;
Who elſe would ſcorne his ſilence to haue ſold,
And haue his tongue tyed with ſtrings of Gold?
*Curius* is dead, and buried long ſince,
And all that loued golden *Abſtinence*:
Might he not well repine at his old fee,
Would he but ſpare to ſpeake of vſurie?
Hirelings enow beſide, can be ſo baſe,
Tho we ſhould ſcorne ech bribing varlets braſſe;

Yet

## *SAT.* 5.

Yet he and I could ſhun ech iealous head,
Sticking our thumbs cloſe to our girdle-ſtead,
Tho were they manicled behind our backe,
Anothers fiſt can ſerue our fees to take:
Yet purſy *Euclio* chearly ſmiling prayde,
That my ſharpe words might curtal their ſide trade;
For thouſands beene in euery gouernall,
That liue by loſſe, and riſe by others fall.
What euer ſickly ſheepe ſo ſecret dies,
But ſome foule Rauen hath beſpoke his eyes?
What elſe makes *N.* when his lands are ſpent,
Go ſhaking like a threedbare malecontent:
Whoſe band-leſſe Bonnet vailes his ore-grown chin
And ſullen rags bewray his Morphew'd skin;
So ſhips he to the woluiſh weſterne ile,
Among the ſauage Kernes in ſad exile;
Or in the *Turkiſh* wars at *Cæſars* pay
To rub his life out till the lateſt day;

## SAT. 5.

Another ſhifting Gallant to forecaſt,
To gull his Hoſteſſe for a months repaſt,
With ſome gal'd Trunck ballac'd with ſtraw & ſtone
Left for the paune of his prouiſion;
Had *F.* ſhop lyen fallow but from hence,
His doores cloſe ſeal'd as in ſome peſtilence,
Whiles his light heeles their fearfull flight can take,
To get ſome badg-leſſe Blew vpon his backe?
*Tocullio* was a welthie vſurer,
Such ſtore of incomes had he euery yeare,
By Buſhels was he wont to met his coyne
As did the olde wife of *Trimalcion*.
Could he doe more that finds an idle roome,
For many hundreth thouſands on a Toombe?
Or who reares vp foure free-ſchooles in his age,
Of his old pillage, and damn'd ſurpluſage?
Yet now he ſwore by that ſweete Croſſe he kiſt,
(That ſiluer croſſe, where hee had ſacrific'd

His

## *SAT.* 5.

His coueting ſoule, by his deſires owne doome,
Daily to die the Diuels Martyrdome)
His Angels were all flowne vp to their ſky,
And had forſooke his naked Treſurie:
Farewell *Aſtraa* and her weights of gold,
Vntill his lingring Calends once be told;
Nought left behinde but wax & parchment ſcroles
Like *Lucians* dreame that ſiluer turn'd to coles:
Shouldſt thou him credit, that nould credit thee?
Yes and maieſt ſweare he ſwore the verity;
The ding-thrift heire, his ſhift-got ſumme miſpent,
Comes drouping like a pennyleſſe penitent,
And beats his faint fiſt on *Tocullios* doore,
It loſt the laſt and now muſt call for more.
Now hath the Spider caught a wandring Flie,
And drags her captiue at her cruell thie:
Soone is his arrand red in his pale face,
Which beares dumbe *Characters* of euery caſe,

## *SAT.* 5.

So *Cyneds* dusky cheeke and fiery eye,
And hayre-les brow, tels where he last did lye;
So *Matho* doth bewray his guilty thought,
While his pale face doth say, his cause is nought.
Seest thou the wary Angler trayle along
His feeble line, soone as some Pike too strong
Hath swallowed the bate that scornes the shore,
Yet now nearehand cannot resist no more:
So lyeth he aloofe in smooth pretence,
To hide his rough intended violence;
As he that vnder name of *Christmas* Cheere,
Can starue his Tenants all th'ensuing yeare:
Paper and wax (God wot) a weake repay,
For such deepe debts, and downecast sums as th
Write, seale, deliuer, take, go, spend and speede,
And yet full heardly could his present need
Part with such summe; For but as yester-late
Did *Furnus* offer pen-worths at easie rate,

## *SAT.* 5.

For ſmall diſburſment; He the bankes hath broke,
And needs mote now ſome further playne ore look;
Yet ere he goe faine would he be releaſt:
Hy you ye Rauens, hy you to the feaſt;
Prouided that thy lands are left entyre,
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire;
Then ſhalt thou teare thoſe idle paper-bonds,
That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.
Ah foole! For ſooner ſhalt thou ſell the reſt,
Then ſtake ought for thy former Intereſt;
When it ſhall grind thy grating gall for ſhame,
To ſee the lands that beare thy Grandſires name,
Become a dunghill peaſants ſommer-hall,
Or lonely *Hermits* cage in hoſpitall;
A pining Gourmand, an imperious ſlaue,
An horſ-leech, barren womb, and gaping graue,
A legall thiefe, a bloud-leſſe murtherer;
A feind incarnate, a falſe Vſurer,

For

Albee

## SAT. 5.

Albee ſuch mayne extort ſcorns to be pent
In the clay wals of thatched Tenement,
For certes no man of a low degree,
May bid two gheſtes; or Gout, or Vſurie:
Vnleſſe ſome baſe hedge-creeping *Collybiſt*
Scatters his refuſe ſcraps on whom he liſt,
For Eaſter-gloues, or for a ſhroftide Hen,
Which bought to giue, he takes to ſell agen:
I doe not meane ſome glozing Merchants feate,
That laugheth at the cozened worlds deceipt,
When as an hundred ſtocks lie in his fiſt,
He leaks and ſinkes, and breaketh when he liſt;
But, *Nummius* caſ'd the needy Gallants care,
With a baſe bargaine of his blowen ware,
Of fuſted hoppes now loſt for lacke of ſayle,
Or mo'ld browne-paper that could nought auaile:
Or what he cannot vtter otherwiſe,
May pleaſure *Fridoline* for treble price.

Whiles

## *SAT.* 5.

Whiles his falſe broker lyeth in the wind,
And for a preſent Chapman is aſſign'd,
The cut-throte wretch for their compacted gaine,
Buyes all for but one quarter of the mayne;
Whiles if he chance to breake his deare-bought day,
And forfait for default of due repay
His late intangled lands: Then *Fridoline*,
Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.
If *Mammon* ſelfe ſhould euer liue with men,
*Mammon* himſelfe ſhalbe a Citizen.

*Quid*

## SAT. 6.

*Quid placet ergo?*

I Wote not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know, or like not their estate:
Out from the Gades vp to the Easterne morne,
Not one but holds his natiue state forlorne.
When comely striplings wish it were their chance,
For *Cæns* distaffe to exchange their Lance;
And weare curl'd Periwigs, and chalke their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.
Tyr'd with pinn'd Ruffes, & Fans, and partlet strips,
And Buskes, and Verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked stilts a prisoners pace,
And make their Napkin for their spitting-place,

And

## *SAT.* 6.

And gripe their waſt within a narrow ſpan':
Fond *Canis* that would'dſt wiſh to be a man;
Whoſe manniſh Huſ-wiues like their refuſe ſtate,
And make a drudge of their *vxorius* mate,
Who like a Cot-queene freezeth at the rocke,
Whiles his breach't dame doth man the forren ſtock.
Is't not a ſhame to ſee ech homely groome
Sit perched in an idle charriot-roome,
That were not meete ſome pannell to beſtride
Surcingled to a galledg Hackneys hide?
Ech Muck-worme will be rich with lawleſſe gaine,
Altho he ſmother vp mowes of ſeuen yeares graine,
And hang'd himſelf when corne grows cheap again;
Altho he buy whole Harueſts in the ſpring
And foyſt in falſe ſtrikes to the meaſuring:
Altho his ſhop be muffled from the light
Like a day-dungeon, or *Cimmerian* night:
Nor full nor faſting can the Carle take reſt,

Whiles

## SAT. 6.

Whiles his *George-Nobles* ruſten in his Cheſt,
He ſleeps but once and dreames of burglarie,
And wakes and caſtes about his frighted eye,
And gropes for theeues in euery darker ſhade,
And if a Mouſe but ſtirre he cals for ayde.
The ſturdie Plough-man doth the ſoldier ſee,
All ſcarſed with pide colours to the knee,
Whom *Indian* pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he gins to loath his former ſtate:
Now doth he inly ſcorne his Kendall-greene,
And his patch't Cockers now diſpiſed beene.
Nor liſt he now go whiſtling to the Carre,
But ſels his Teeme and fetleth to the warre.
O warre to them that neuer tryde thee ſweete!
When his dead mate fals groueling at his feete,
And angry bullets whiſtlen at his eare,
And his dim eyes ſee nought but death and drere:
Oh happy Plough-mā were thy weale well known;

Oh

## *SAT. 6.*

Oh happy all eſtates except his owne!
Some dronken *Rimer* thinks his time well ſpent,
If he can liue to ſee his name in print:
Who when he is once fleſhed to the Preſſe,
And ſees his handſell haue ſuch fayre ſucceſſe,
Sung to the wheele, and ſung vnto the payle;
He ſends forth thraues of Ballads to the ſale.
Nor then can reſt: But volumes vp bodg'd rimes,
To haue his name talk't of in future times:
The brainſicke youth that feeds his tickled eare
With ſweet-ſauc'd lies of ſome falſe *Traueiler*,
Which hath the Spaniſh Decades red a while;
Or whet-ſtone leaſings of old *Maundeuile*,
Now with diſcourſes breakes his mid-night ſleepe,
Of his aduentures through the *Indian* deepe,
Of all their maſſy heapes of golden mines,
Or of the antique Toombs of *Paleſtine*;
Or of *Damaſcus* Magike wall of Glaſſe,

Of

## SAT. 6.

Of *Salomon* his ſweating piles of Braſſe,
Of the Bird *Ruc* that beares an Elephant:
Of Mer-maids that the Southerne ſeas do haunt;
Of head-leſſe men; of ſauage *Cannibals*;
The faſhions of their liues and Gouernals:
What monſtrous Cities there erected bee,
*Cayro*, or the Citie of the Triuitie:
Now are they dung-hill-Cocks that haue not ſeene
The bordering Alpes, or elſe the Neighbour Rhene,
And now he plyes the newes-full Graſhopper,
Of voyages and ventures to enquire.
His land morgag'd, He ſea-beat in the way
Wiſhes for home a thouſand ſithes a day:
And now he deemes his home-bred fare as leefe
As his parch't Biſket, or his barrel'd Beefe:
Mong'ſt all theſe ſturs of diſcontented ſtrife,
Oh let me lead an Academicke life,
To know much, and to thinke we nothing know;

Nothing

## *SAT.* 6.

Nothing to haue, yet thinke we haue enough,
In skill to want, and wanting ſeeke for more,
In weale nor want, nor wiſh for greater ſtore;
Enuye ye Monarchs with your proud exceſſe
At our low Sayle, and our hye Happineſſe.

*Lib.* 4. *Finis.*

# VIRGIDEMIARVM
## LIB. 5.

VIRGIDEMIARVM
LIB. 5.

# SAT. 1.

## *Sit pœna merenti.*

PArdon ye glowing eares; Needs will it out,
Tho brazen wals compaſ'd my tongue about,
As thicke as wealthy *Scrobioes* quicke-ſet rowes
In the wide Common that he did incloſe.
Pull out mine eyes, if I ſhall ſee no vice,
Or let me ſee it with deteſting eyes.
Renowmed *Aquine*, now I follow thee,
Farre as I may for feare of ieopardie;
And to thy hand yeeld vp the *Iuye*-mace,
From crabbed *Perſius*, and more ſmooth *Horace*;
Or from that ſhrew, the *Roman* Poeteſſe,
That taught her goſſips learned bitterneſſe,

## *SAT.* 1.

Or *Luciles* Muſe whom thou did'ſt imitate,
Or *Menips* olde, or *Paſquillers* of late.
Yet name I not *Mutius*, or *Tigilline*;
Tho they deſerue a keener ſtile then mine;
Nor meane to ranſacke vp the quiet graue;
Nor burne dead bones, as he example gaue,
I taxe the liuing, let dead aſhes reſt,
Whoſe faults are dead, and nayled in their cheſt;
Who can refraine, that's guiltleſſe of their crime,
Whiles yet he liues in ſuch a cruell time.
When *Titios* grounds, that in his Grand-ſires daies
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raiſe,
A ſommer-ſnow-ball, or a winter-roſe,
Is growne to thouſands as the world now goes:
So thriſt and time ſets other things on flote,
That now his ſonne ſoups in a ſilken cote,
Whoſe Grandſire happily a poore hungry Swayne,
Beg'd ſome caſt Abby in the Churches wayne

## *SAT.* 1.

And but for that, what euer he may vaun't,
Who knows a Monke, had beene a *Mendicant*;
While freezing *Matho*, that for one leane fee,
Wont terme ech Terme the Terme of *Hilarie*,
May now in steed of those his simple fees;
Get the fee-simples of fayre Manneryes.
What, did he counterfait his Princes hand,
For some streaue Lord-ship of concealed land?
Or on ech *Michaell*, and *Lady-day*,
Tooke he deepe forfaits for an houres delay?
And gain'd no lesse by such iniurious braule,
Then *Gamius* by his sixt wiues buriall?
Or hath he wonne some wider Interest,
By hoary charters from his Grandsires chest,
Which late some bribed Scribe for slender wage,
Writ in the Characters of another age,
That *Ployden* selfe might stammer to rehearse,
Whose date ore lookes three *Centuries* of yeares;

## *SAT.* 1.

Who euer yet the Trackes of weale ſo tride,
But there hath beene one beaten way beſide?
He, when he lets a Leaſe for life, or yeares,
(As neuer he doth vntill the date expeares;
For when the full ſtate in his fiſt doth lie,
He may take vantage of the vacancie,)
His Fine affor'ds ſo many trebled pounds,
As he agreeth yeares to Leaſe his grounds:
His Rent in faire reſpondence muſt ariſe,
To double trebles of his one yeares price;
Of one bayes breadth, God wot, a ſilly cote,
Whoſe thatched ſpars are furr'd with fluttiſh ſoote
A whole inch thick; ſhininig like Black-moors brows
Through ſmok that down the head-les barrel blows.
At his beds-feete feeden his ſtalled teme.
His ſwine beneath, his pullen ore the beame:
A ſtarued Tenement, ſuch as I geſſe,
Stand ſtragling in the waſts of *Holderneſſe*,

Or

## SAT. 1.

Or ſuch as ſhiuer on a Peake-hill ſide,
When *Marches* lungs beate on their turſe-clad hide:
Such as nice *Lipſius* would grudge to ſee,
Aboue his lodging in wild *Weſt-phalye*:
Or as the *Saxon* King his Court might make,
When his ſides playned of the Neat-heards cake.
Yet muſt he haunt his greedy Land-lords hall,
With often preſents at ech Feſtiuall;
With crammed Capons euery New-yeares morne,
Or with greene-cheeſes when his ſheep are ſhorne
Or many Maunds-full of his mellow fruite,
To make ſome way to win his waighty ſuite.
Whom cannot gifts at laſt cauſe to relent,
Or to win fauour, or flee puniſhment?
When griple Patrons turne their ſturdie ſteele
To waxe, when they the golden flame doe feele;
When grand *Mæcenas* caſts a glauering eye,
On the cold preſent of a Poeſie:

And

## *SAT. 1.*

And leaſt he might more frankly take then giue,
Gropes for a french crowne in his emptie ſleeue:
Thence *Clodius* hopes to ſet his ſhoulders free,
From the light burden of his *Naperie*.
The ſmiling Land-lord ſhowes a ſunſhine face,
Fayning that he will grant him further grace;
And lear's like *Æſops* Foxe vpon a Crane,
Whoſe necke he craues for his *Chirurgian*;
So lingers off the leaſe vntill the laſt,
What recks he then of paines or promiſe paſt?
Was euer fether, or fond womans mind,
More light then words; the blaſts of idle wind?
What's ſib or fire, to take the gentle ſlip;
And in th'Exchequer rot for ſurety-ſhip;
Or thence thy ſtarued brother liue and die,
Within the cold *Cole-harbour* ſanctuarie?
Will one from *Scots-hanke* bid but one grote more,
My old Tenant may be turned out of doore,

Tho

## *SAT.* 1.

Tho much he ſpent in th'rotten roofes repayre,
In hope to haue it left vnto his heyre;
Tho many a loade of Marle and Manure led,
Reuiu'd his barren leas, that earſt lay dead.
Were he as *Furius*, he would defie,
*Such* pilfring ſlips of Pety land-lordrye.
And might diſlodge whole Collonies of poore,
And lay their roofe quite leuell with their floore,
Whiles yet he giues as to a yeelding fence,
Their bagge and baggage to his Citizens,
And ſhips them to the new-nam'd *Virgin-lond*,
Or wilder wales, where neuer wight yet wond:
Would it not vexe thee where thy ſyres did keepe,
To ſee the dunged foldes of dag-tayled ſheepe,
And ruined houſe where holy things were ſaid,
Whoſe free-ſtone wals the thatched roofe vpbraid,
Whoſe ſhril Saints-bell hangs on his louerie,
While the reſt are damned to the *Plumbery*?

Yet

## *SAT.* 1.

Yet pure deuotion lets the ſteeple ſtand,
And ydle battlements on eyther hand;
Leaſt that perhaps, were all thoſe reliques gone,
*Furious* his Sacrilege could not be knowne.

*Heis*

## SAT. 2.

### *Heic quærite Troiam.*

HOuſ-keping's dead, *Saturio*: wot'ſt thou where?
For-ſooth they ſay far hence in *Brek-neck* ſhire.
And euer ſince they ſay that feele and taſt,
That men may breake their neck, ſoone as their faſt.
Certes, if *Pity* died at *Chaucers* date,
He liu'd a widdower long behind his mate:
Saue that I ſee ſome rotten bed-rid Syre,
Which to out-ſtrip the nonage of his heire,
Is cram'd with golden broaths, and drugs of price,
And ech day dying liu's, and liuing dies,
Till once ſuruind his ward-ſhips lateſt eue,
His eies are cloſd with choyſe to die or liue.

Plenty

## *SAT. 2.*

Plenty, and hee, dy'd both in that ſame yeare,
When the ſad skye did ſhed ſo many a teare.
And now, who liſt not of his labour faile;
Marke, with *Saturio*, my friendly tale:
Along thy way, thou canſt not but deſcry,
Faire glittering Halſ to tempt the hopefull eye;
Thy right eye gins to leape for vaine delight,
And ſurbeate toes to tickle at the ſight,
As greedy *T.* when in the founding mold
Hee finds a ſhining pot-ſhard tip't with gold;
For neuer *Syren* tempts the pleaſed eares,
As theſe the eye of fainting paſſengers;
All is not ſo that ſeemes; for ſurely than
*Matrona* ſhould not bee a *Curtizan*,
Smooth *Chryſalus* ſhould not bee rich with fraud,
Nor honeſt *R.* bee his owne wiues baude,
Looke not a ſquint, nor ſtride a croſſe the way,
Like ſome demurring *Alcide* to delay.

But

## SAT. 2.

But walke on cherely, till thou haue eſpide,
Saint *Peters* finger at the Church-yard ſide,
But wilt thou needs when thou art warn'd ſo well
Go ſee who in ſo gariſh wals doth dwell?
There findeſt thou ſome ſtately *Dorick* frame
Or neate *Ionicke* worke;
Like the vaine bubble of *Iberian* pride,
That ouer-croweth all the world beſide,
Which reard to raiſe the crazy Monarches fame,
Striues for a Court and for a Colledge name;
Yet nought within, but louzy coul's doth hold,
Like a ſcab'd Cuckow in a cage of gold;
So pride aboue doth ſhade the ſhame below:
A golden Periwig on a Black-mores brow.
When *Manios* firſt page of his poeſie,
Nayl'd to an hundreth poſtes for noueltie,
With his big title, an *Italian* mot,
Layes ſiege vnto the backward buyers grote.

Which

## SAT. 2.

Which all within is draftie ſluttiſh geere,
Fit for the Ouen or the Kitching fire:
So this gay gate adds fuell to thy thought,
That ſuch proud piles were neuer rayſ'd for nought.
Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow ſound
With doubled Ecchoes doth againe rebound,
But not a Dog doth barke to welcome thee,
Nor churliſh Porter canſt thou chafing ſee:
All dumbe and ſilent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of ſome ſleepy *Sybarite.*
The marble pauement hid with deſart weede,
With houſe-leeke, thiſtle, docke, & hemlock-ſeed.
But if thou chance caſt vp thy wondring eyes,
Thou ſhalt diſcerne vpon the Frontiſpice,
ΟΤΑΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ grauen vp on hie,
A fragment of olde *Platoes* Poeſie:
The meaning is, Sir ſoole ye may be gone,
Go backe by leaue, for way here lieth none.

Looke

## SAT. 2.

Looke to the towred chymneis which should bee
The wind-pipes of good hospitalitie,
Through which it breatheth to the open ayre,
Betokening life and liberall welfaire,
Lo, there th'vnthankfull swallow takes her rest,
And fils the Tonell with her circled nest,
Nor halfe that smoke from all his chymneies goes
Which one Tabacco-pipe driues through his nose:
So rawbone hunger scorns the mudded wals,
And gin's to reuell it in Lordly halls;
So the blacke Prince is broken loose againe
That saw no Sunne saue once (as stories saine)
That once was, when in *Trinacry* I weene
Hee stole the daughter of the harueft Queene,
And gript the mawes of barren *Sicily*
With long constraint of pinefull penurie;
And they that should resist his second rage,
Haue pen'd themselues vp in the primare cage

## SAT. 2.

Of ſome blind lane; and their they lurke vnknowne
Till th'hungry tempeſt once bee ouerblowne;
Then like the coward, after his neighbours fray,
They creepe forth boldly, and aske where are they?
Meane while the hunger-ſtaru'd Appurtenance
Muſt bide the brunt, what euer ill miſchance;
Grim *Famine* ſits in their forepined face
All full of angles of vnequall ſpace,
Like to the plaine of many-ſided ſquares,
That wont bee drawne out by Geometars;
So ſharpe and meager that who ſhould them ſee
Would ſweare they lately came from *Hungary*.
When their braſſe pans and winter couerled,
Haue wipt the maunger of the Hoſes-bread;
Oh mee; what ods there ſeemeth twixt their chere,
And the ſwolne Bezell at an Alehouſe fire,
That tonnes in gallons to his burſten panch,
Whoſe ſlimy droughts, his draught can neuer ſtanch?

For

## *SAT.* 2.

For ſhame ye gallants grow more hoſpitall
And turne your needleſſe wardrop to your Hall:
As lauiſh *Virro* that keepes open doores
Like *Ianus* in the watres,
Except the twelue-daies, or the wakeday-feaſt.
What time hee needs muſt bee his Coſens gueſt,
*Philene* hath bid him, can he chooſe but come?
Who ſhould pull *Virroes* ſleeue to ſtay at home?
All yeare beſides, who meal-time can attend:
Come *Trebius* welcome to the tables end:
What tho he chires on purer manchets crowne,
Whiles his kind client grindes on blacke & browne,
A iolly rounding of a whole foote broad,
From of the Mong-corne heape ſhall *Trebius* load:
What tho hee quaffe pure Amber in his bowle
Of March-brewd wheat: yet ſlecks thy thirſting ſoule
With paliſh oat, froathing in *Boſton*-clay
Or in a ſhallow cruſe, nor muſt that ſtay

## SAT. 2.

Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd braine,
But call and craue, and haue thy cruſe againe;
Elſe how ſhould euen tale beeregiſtred,
Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrels head?
And if he liſt reuiue his hartles graine
With ſome French grape, or pure *Canariane*
When pleaſing *Burdeaux* fals vnto his lott,
Some ſowriſh *Rochell* cuts thy thirſting throate,
What tho himſelfe carueth his welcome friend
With a coold pittance from his trenchers-end?
Muſt *Trebles* lip hang toward his trencher-ſide?
Nor kiſſe his fiſt to take what doth betide?
What tho to ſpare thy teeth he emploies thy tongue
In buſie queſtions all the dinner long?
What tho the ſcornefull wayter lookes askild,
And pouts and frowns; and curſeth thee the while,
And takes his farewell with a icalous eye,
At euery morſell hee his laſt ſhall ſee?

And

## *SAT.* 2.

And, if but one exceed the common ſiſe
Or make an hillocke in thy cheeke ariſe,
Or if perchance thou ſhouldeſt, ere thou wiſt,
Hold thy knife vprights in thy griped fiſt,
Or ſitteſt double on thy back-ward ſeat,
Or with thine elbow ſhad'ſt thy ſhared meat;
Hee laughs thee in his fellowes eare to ſcorne,
And asks aloud, where *Trebius* was borne.
Tho the third Sewer takes thee quite away
Without a ſtaffe: when thou would'ſt lenger ſtay
What of all this? Is't not inough to ſay,
I din'd at *Virro* his owne boord to day?

# SAT. 3.

## ΚΟΙΝΑ ΦΙΛΩΝ.

THe *Satyre* ſhould be like the *Porcupine*,
That ſhoots ſharpe quils out in each angry line,
And wounds the bluſhing cheeke, and fiery eye,
Of him that heares, and readeth guiltily.
Ye Antique *Satyres*, how I bleſſe your daies,
That brook'd your bolder ſtile, their owne diſpraiſe,
And wel neare wiſh; yet ioy my wiſh is vaine,
I had beene then, or they were now againe!
For now our eares beene of more brittle mold,
Than thoſe dull earthen eares that were of old:
Sith theirs, like anuilles bore the hammers head,
Our glaſſe can neuer touch vnſhiuered.

## SAT. 3.

But from the aſhes of my quiet ſtile
Hence forth may riſe ſome raging rough *Lucile*,
That may with *Eſchylus* both find and looſe
The ſnaky treſſes of th'*Eumenides*:
Meane while, ſufficeth mee, the world may ſay
That I theſe vices loath'd another day,
Which I haue done with as deuout a cheere
As he that rounds Poules-pillers in the eare,
Or bends his ham downe in the naked Queare.
T'was euer ſaid, *Frontine*, and euer ſeene,
That golden Clerkes, but wooden Lawyers bene;
Could euer wiſe man wiſh in good eſtate
The vſe of all things indiſcriminate?
Who wots not yet how well this did beſeeme,
The learned maiſter of the *Academe*?
*Plato* is dead, and dead is his deuiſe
Which ſome thought witty, none thought euer wiſe;
Yet certes *Macha* is a *Platoniſt*,

## SATYR. 2.

To all, they say, saue who so do not list,
Because their husband a farre-wand'ring man,
Is a profest *Peripatecian*,
And so our Grandsires were images past,
That let their lands lye all so widely waste,
That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent
Within some prouince or whole shires extent;
As Nature made the earth, so did it lie,
Saue for the furrowes of their husbandrie;
When as the neighbour-lands so couched layne,
That all bore show of one fayre Champian playne,
Some head-lesse crosse they digged on their land,
Or rol'd some marked Meare-stone in the way.
Poore simplemen! For what mought that auayle
That my field might not fill my neighbours payle
More than a pilled sticke can stand in stead,
To barre *Gyndo* from his neighbours bed
More than the thred bare Clients pouertie
Debarres th'Acturney of his wonted fee? If

## *SAT.* 3.

If they were thriftleſſe, mote not we amend,
And with more care our dangered fields defend?
Ech man can gard what thing he deemeth deere,
As fearefull Merchants doe their Female heyre,
Which were it not for promiſe of their welth,
Need not be ſtalled vp for feare of ſtealth;
Would rather ſticke vpon the Bedmans cries,
Tho proferd for a branded *Indians* price.
Then rayſe we muddie bul-warkes on our bankes,
Beſet around with treble quic-ſet rankes,
Or if thoſe walles be ouer weake a ward,
The ſquared Bricke may be a better gard.
Go to my thriftie Yeoman, and vpreare
A brazen wall to ſhend thy land from feare,
Do ſo; and I ſhall praiſe thee all the while,
So be, thou ſtake not vp the common ſtile,
So be thou hedge in nought, but what's thine owne,
So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done,
So be thou let not lye in fallowed plaine.

That

## SAT. 3.

That which was wont yeeld Vsurie of graine,
But when I see thy pitched stakes do stand
On thy incroched peece of common land,
Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbours keyne,
And warn'st that none feed on thy field saue thine;
Brag no more *Scrobius* of thy mudded bankes,
Nor thy deepe ditches, nor three quickset rankes:
Oh happy dayes of olde *Deucalion*,
When one was Land-lord of the world alone!
But now whose choler would not rise to yeeld
A pesant halfe-stakes of his new-mowne field
Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
Buy out the remnant of his royalties?
Go on and thriue my pety Tyrants pride,
Scorne thou to liue, if others liue beside,
And trace proud *Castile* that aspires to be
In his old age a yoong sift Monarchie
Or the red Hat that cries the luckless mayne,
For welthy *Thames* to change his lowly Rhene.

## SAT. 4.

### *Possunt, quia posse videntur.*

*Villius* the welthy farmer left his heire,
Twise twenty sterling poũds to spẽd by yeare;
The neighbours prayſen *Villios* hide-bound ſonne;
And ſay it was a goodly portion;
Not knowing how ſome Marchants dowre can riſe,
By ſundaies tale to fiftie *Centuries*;
Or to weigh downe a leaden Bride with Gold;
Worth all that *Matho* bought, or *Pontice* ſold:
But whiles ten pound goes to his wiues new gown,
Nor little leſſe can ſerue to ſute his owne,
Whiles one peece payes her idle wayting man,
Or buyes an hoode, or ſiluer-handled Fanne,

Or

## SAT. 4.

Or hires a *Friezeland* Trotter halfe yarde deepe,
To drag his Tumbrell through the staring Cheape
Or whiles he rideth with two liueries,
And's treble rated at the Subsidies,
One end a kennell keeps of brisleſſe hounds,
What thinke you reſt's of all my younkers pounds,
To diet him, or deale out at his doore,
To coſer vp, or ſtocke his waſting ſtore?
If then I reckon'd right, it ſhould appeare,
That fourtie pounds ſerue not the Farmers heyre.

*Finis. Lib.* 4.

# VIRGIDEMIARVM
## LIB. 6.

# VIRGIDEMIARVM
## LIB. 6.

## SAT. 1.

### *Semel insani uimus.*

L*Abeo* reſerues a long nayle for the nonce
To wcūd my Margēt through ten leaues at once,
Much worſe than *Ariſtarcus* his blacke Pile
That pierc'd olde *Homers* ſide;
And makes ſuch faces that mee ſeames I ſee
Some foule *Megæra* in the Tragedie,
Threatning her twined ſnakes at *Tantales* Ghoſt;
Or the grim viſage of ſome frowning poſt
The crab-tree Porter of the Guild-Hall gates
Whiles he his frightfull Beetle eleuates;
His angry eyne looke all ſo glaring bright,
Like th'hunted Badger in a mooneleſſe night,

Or

## *SAT.* 1.

Or like a painted ſtaring *Saracin*;
His cheeks change hew like th'ayre-fed vermin skin.
Now red, now pale, and ſwolne aboue his eyes
Like to the old *Coloſſian* imageries:
But when he doth ot my recanting heare;
Away ye angrie fires, and froſtes of feare,
Giue place vnto his hopefull tempered thought
That yeelds to peace, ere euer peace be ſought:
Then let me now repent mee of my rage,
For writing *Satyres* in ſo righteous age:
Whereas I ſhould haue ſtrok't her towardly head,
And cry'd *Euae* in my *Satyres* ſtead,
Sith now not one of thouſand does amiſſe,
Was neuer age I weene ſo pure as this:
As pure as olde *Labulla* from the Baynes,
As pure as through-fare Channels when it raynes,
As pure as is a Black-moores face by night,
As dung-clad skin of dying *Heraclite*.

Seeke

## *SAT.* 1.

Seeke ouer all the world, and tell mee where
Thou find'ſt a proud man, or a flatterer:
A thiefe, a drunkard, or a parricide,
A lechor, lyer, or what vice beſide?
Merchants are no whit couetous of late,
Nor make no mart of Time, gaine of Deceipt.
Patrons are honeſt now, ore they of olde,
Can now no benefice be bought nor ſold,
Giue him a gelding, or ſome two-yeares tythe,
For he all bribes and *Simony* defi'th.
Is not one Pick-thanke ſtirring in the Court,
That ſeld was free till now by all report,
But ſome one, like a clawbacke paraſite,
Pick't mothes from his maſters Cloake in ſight,
Whiles he could picke out both his eyes for need,
Mought they but ſtand him in ſome better ſteed.
Nor now no more ſmell-feaſt *Vitellio*
Smiles on his maſter for a meale or two;

## *SAT.* 1.

And loues him in his maw, loaths in his heart,
Yet ſoothes, and yeas, and nayes on eyther part.
*Tattelius* the new-come traueller,
With his diſguiſed cote, and ringed eare,
Trampling the Burſes Marble twiſe a day,
Tels nothing but ſtarke trueths I dare well ſay,
Nor would he haue them knowne for any thing,
Tho all the vault of his loud murmur ring.
Not one man tels a lye of all the yeare
Except the *Almanacke* or the *Chronicler*.
But not a man of all the damned crue
For hils of Gold would ſweare the thing vntrue.
*Panſophus* now though all in the cold ſwat
Dares venture through the feared Caſtle-gate,
Albee the faithfull Oracles haue forſayne,
The wiſeſt Senator ſhall there be ſlaine:
That made him long keepe home as well it might,
Till now he hopeth of ſome wiſer wight.

The

## *SAT.* 1.

The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suters hill,
Or westerne plaine are free from feared ill.
Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed:
But he that hath ought; hy him; and God speed;
Nor drunken *Dennis* doth by breake of day
Stumble into blind Tauerns by the way,
And reele me homeward at the Euening starre,
Or ride more easely in his neighbours chayre.
Well might these checks haue fitted former times
And shouldred angry *Skeltons* breath-lesse rimes:
Ere *Chrysalus* had bar'd the common boxe,
Which earst he pick't to store his priuate stocks;
But now hath all with vantage paid againe;
And locks and plates what doth behind remaine;
When earst our dry-soul'd Syres so lauish were,
To charge whole boots-full to their friends wel-fare;
Now shalt thou neuer see the salt beset
With a big-bellied gallon Flagonet.

## SAT. 1.

Of an ebbe *Cruce* muſt thirſty *Silen* ſip,
That's all foreſtalled by his vpper lip;
Somewhat it was that made his paunch ſo peare,
His girdle fell ten ynches in a yeare.
Or when old gouty bed-rid *Euclio*
To his officious factor fayre could ſhow,
His name in margent of ſome olde caſt byll
And ſay; Lo whom I named in my will:
Whiles hee beleeues and looking for the ſhare,
Tendeth his cumbrous charge with buſy care;
For but a while; For now he ſure will die,
By his ſtrange qualme of liberalitie:
Great thanks he giues: but God him ſheild & ſaue
From euer gayning by his maſters graue;
Onely liue long, and he is well repaide,
And weats his forced cheeks whiles thus he ſaid,
Some ſtrong-ſmeld Onion ſhall ſtirre his eyes
Rather than no ſalt teares ſhall then ariſe.

So

## *SAT.* 1.

So lookes he like a Marble toward rayne,
And wrings and ſnites, and weeps, & wipes againe,
Then turnes his backe and ſmiles & looke askance,
Seaſoning againe his ſowred countenance,
Whiles yet he wearyes heauen with daily cryes,
And backward Death with deuout ſacrifice,
That they would now his tedious ghoſt bereauen,
And wiſhes well, that wiſh't no worſe than heauen.
When *Zoylus* was ſicke, he knew not where
Saue his wrought night-cap, and laune Pillow-bere:
Kind fooles; they made him ſicke that made him fine
Take thoſe away, and thers his medicine:
Or *Gellia* wore a veluet Maſtick-patch
Vpon her temples when no tooth did ach,
When *Beauty* was her Reume I ſoone eſpide,
Nor could her plaiſter cure her of her pride.
Theſe vices were, but now they ceaſ'd off long:
Then why did I a righteous age that wrong,

## SAT. 1.

I would repent mee were it not too late,
Were not the angry world preiudicate:
If all the ſeuens penetentiall
Or thouſand white wands might me ought auaile,
If *Trent* or *Thames* could ſcoure my ſoule offence
And ſet me in my former innocence,
I would at laſt repent me of my rage:
Now; beare my wrong, I thine, O righteous age.
As for fine wits an hundreth thouſand fold
Paſſeth our age what euer times of olde.
For in that *Pwiſ-nè* world, our ſyres of long
Could hardly wagge their too-vnweldy tongue
As pined Crowes and parats can doe now,
When hoary age did bend their wrincled brow:
And now of late did many a learned man
Serue thirtie yeares Prenti-ſhip with *Priſcian*,
But now can euery Nouice ſpeake with eaſe
The far-fetch'd language of th'-*Antipodes*.

Would'ſt

## *SAT.* 1.

Would'st thou the tongues that earſt were learned (hight
Tho our wiſe age hath wipt them of their right;
Would'st thou the Courtly Three in moſt requeſt,
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the weſt?
*Bibinus* ſelfe can haue ten tongues in one,
Tho in all Ten not one good tongue alone.
And can deepe skill lye ſmothering within
Whiles neither ſmoke nor flame diſcerned bin?
Shall it not be a wild-fig in a wall
Or fired Brimſtone in a Minerall?
Doe thou diſdaine, O ouer-learned age,
The tongue-ty'de ſilence of that *Samian* ſage;
Forth ye fine wits, and ruſh into the preſſe,
And for the cloyed world your workes addreſſe.
Is not a Gnat, nor Fly, nor ſeely Ant,
But a fine wit can make an Elephant;
Should *Bandels* Throſtle die without a ſong,
Or *Adamantius* my Dog be laid along,

## *SAT.* 1.

Downe in some ditch without his Exequies,
Or Epitaphs, or mournfull Elegies?
Folly it selfe, and baldnes may be praised,
And sweet conceits from filthy obiects raised;
What doe not fine wits dare to vndertake?
What dare not fine wits doe for honours sake?
But why doth *Balbus* his dead-doing quill
Parch in his rustie scabbard all the while,
His golden Fleece ore-growne with moldy hore
As tho he had his witty workes forswore?
Belike of late now *Balbus* hath no need,
Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread
The Catch-poles fist, The Presse may still remaine
And breath, till *Balbus* be in debt againe.
Soone may that bee; so I had silent beene,
And not thus rak't vp quiet crimes vnseene.
Silence is safe, when saying stirreth sore
And makes the stirred puddle stinke the more.

Shall

## SAT. 1.

Shall the controller of proud *Nemesis*
In lawlesse rage vpbraid ech others vice,
While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong
And curb the raunge of his mis-ruly tongue?
By the two crownes of *Pernasse* euer-greene,
And by the clouen head of *Hippocrene*
As I true Poet am, I here auow
(So solemnly kist he his Laurell bow)
If that bold *Satyre* vnreuenged be
For this so saucy and foule iniurie.
So *Labeo* weens it my eternall shame
To proue I neuer earnd a Poets name.
But would I be a Poet if I might,
To rub my browes three daies, & wake three nights,
And bite my nayles, and scrat my dullard head,
And curse the backward Muses on my bed
About one peeuish syllable: which out-sought
I take vp *Thales* ioy, saue for fore-thought

How

## *SAT. 1.*

How it ſhall pleaſe ech Ale-knights cenſuring eye,
And hang'd my head for feare they deeme awry;
Whiles thred-bare Martiall turnes his merry note
To beg of *Rufus* a caſt winter cote;
Whiles hungry *Marot* leapeth at a Beane
And dieth like a ſtaru'd *Cappucien*;
Go *Arioſt*, and gape for what may fall
From Trencher of a flattering Cardinall,
And if thou getteſt but a Pedants fee
Thy bed, thy board, and courſer liuerie,
O honour farre beyond a brazen ſhrine
To ſit with *Tarleton* on an Ale-poſts ſigne!
Who had but liued in *Auguſtus* daies
T'had beene ſome honour to be crown'd with Bayes
When *Lucan* ſtreaked on his Marble-bed
To thinke of *Cæſar*, and great *Pompeys* deed;
Or when *Archelaus* ſhau'd his mourning head
Soone as he heard *Steſichorus* was dead.
At leaſt would ſome good body of the reſt, Set

## *SAT.* 1.

Set a Gold-pen on their bay-wreathed Creſt.
Or would their face in ſtamped coyne expreſſe,
As did the *Mytelens* their Poeteſſe:
Now as it is, beſhrew him if he might,
That would his browes with *Caſars* Laurell dight:
Tho what ayl'd mee, I might not well as they
Rake vp ſome forworne tales that ſmothered lay
In chimny corners ſmok'd with winter-fires,
To read and rocke a ſleepe our drouzy Syres.
No man his threſhold better knowes, than I
*Brutes* firſt ariuall, and firſt victory,
Saint *Georges* Sorrell, or his croſſe of blood,
*Arthurs* round Board, or *Caledonian* wood,
Or holy battels of bold *Charlemaine*,
What were his knights did *Salems* ſiege maintaine;
How the mad Riuall of fayre *Angelice*
Was Phiſick't from the new-found Paradice;
High ſtories they; which with their ſwelling ſtraine
Haue riuen *Frontoes* broad Rehearſall Plaine, But

## *SAT.* 1.

But ſo to fill vp bookes both backe and ſide
What needs it? Are there not enow beſide?
O age well thriuen and well fortunate,
When ech man hatha Muſe appropriate,
And ſhe like to ſome ſeruile eare-boar'd ſlaue
Muſt play and ſing when and what he would haue!
Would that were all: ſmall fault in number lies,
Were not the feare from whence it ſhould ariſe
But can it be ought but a ſpurious ſeede,
That growes ſo rife in ſuch vnlikely ſpeed?
Sith *Pontian* left his barren wife at home,
And ſpent two yeares at *Venice* and at *Rome*,
Returned, heares his bleſſing askt of three,
Cries out, O *Iulian* law, Adulterie?
Tho *Labeo* reaches right: (who can deny?)
The true ſtraynes of *Heroicke* Poeſie:
For he can tell how fury reft his ſenſe
And *Phœbus* fild him with intelligence,

He

## *SAT.* 1.

He can implore the heathen deites
To guide his bold and buſie enterpriſe;
Or filch whole Pages at a clap for need
From honeſt *Petrarch*, clad in Engliſh weed;
While bigge *But ohs* ech ſtranzae can begin,
Whoſe trunke and tayle ſluttiſh and hartleſſe bin;
He knows the grace of that new elegance,
Which ſweet *Philiſides* fetch't of late from *France*,
That well beſeem'd his high-ſtil'd *Arcady*,
Tho others marre it with much liberty,
In Epithets to ioyne two wordes in one,
Forſooth for Adiectiues cannot ſtand alone;
As a great Poet could of *Bacchus* ſay,
That he was *Semele-femori-gena.*
Laſtly he names the ſpirit of *Aſtrophel:*
Now hath not *Labeo* done wondrous well?
But ere his Muſe her weapon learne to weild,

Or

## *SAT.* 1.

Or dance a ſober *Pirrhicke* in the field,
Or marching wade in blood vp to the knees,
Her *Arma Virûm* goes by two degrees,
The ſheepe-cote firſt hath beene her nurſery
Where ſhe hath worne her ydle infancy,
And in hy ſtartups walk't the paſtur'd plaines
To tend her tasked herd that there remaines,
And winded ſtill a pipe of Ote or Brere
Striuing for wages who the praiſe ſhall beare;
As did whilere the homely *Carmelite*
Following *Virgil*, and he *Theocrite*;
Or elſe hath beene in *Venus* Chamber train'd
To play with *Cupid*, till ſhee had attain'd
To comment well vpon a beauteous face,
Then was ſhe fit for an Heroicke place;
As wittie *Pontan* in great earneſt ſaid
His Miſtres breſts were like two weights of lead,

Another

## SAT. 1.

Another thinks her teeth might likened bee
To two fayre rankes of pales of yuory,
To fence in ſure the wild beaſt of her tongue,
From eyther going farre, or going wrong;
Her grinders like two Chalk-ſtones in a mill,
Which ſhall with time and wearing waxe as ill
As old *Catillaes*, which wont euery night
Lay vp her holly pegs till next day-light,
And with them grinds ſoft-ſimpring all the day,
When leaſt her laughter ſhould her gums bewray
Her hands muſt hide her mouth if ſhe but ſmile;
Fayne would ſhe ſeeme all frixe and frolicke ſtill.
Her forehead fayre is like a brazen hill
Whoſe wrincled furrows which her age doth breed
Are dawbed full of *Venice* chalke for need,
Her eyes like ſiluer ſaucers fayre beſet
With ſhining Amber and with ſhady Iet

Her

## *SAT. 1.*

Her lids like *Cupids*-bow, caſe where he hides
The weapons which doth wound the wanton-eyde:
Her chin like *Pindus* or *Pernaſſus* hill
Where down deſcends th'oreflowing ſtream doth fil
The well of her fayre mouth. Ech hath his praiſe.
Who would not but wed Poets now a daies!

FINIS.

POMH PT MH.

## SAT. 2.

WHo say's these Romish Pageants bene too hy
To be the scorne of sportfull Poesy?
Certes not all the world such matter wist
As are the seuen hils, for a *Satiryst*.
Perdy, I loath an hundreth *Mathoes* tongues,
An hundreth gamsters shifts, or Land-lords wrongs,
Or *Labeos* Poems, or base *Lolios* pride,
Or euer what I thought or wrote beside;
When once I thinke if carping *Aquines* spright
To see now Rome, were licenc'd to the light;
How his enraged Ghost would stampe and stare
That *Cæsars* throne is turn'd to *Peters* chayre.

## *SAT. 2.*

To ſee an old ſhorne *Lozell* perched hy
Croſſing beneath a golden *Canopy*, (low
The whiles a thouſand haireleſſe crownes crouch
To kiſſe the precious caſe of his proud Toe,
And for the Lordly *Faſces* borne of old,
To ſee two quiet croſſed keyes of gold,
Or *Cybeles* ſhrine, the famous *Pantheons* frame
Turn'd to the honour of our Ladies name.
But that he moſt would gaze and wonder at,
Is th'horned Miter, and the bloudy hat, (ſtore,
The crooked ſtaffe, their coules ſtrang forme and
Saue that he ſaw the ſame in hell before,
To ſee their broken Nuns with new-ſhorne heads,
In a blind Cloyſter toſſe their idle Beades,
Or Louzy coules come ſmoking from the ſtewes,
To rayſe the Leud Rent to their Lord accrewes,
(Who with ranke *Venice* doth his pompe aduance
By trading of ten thouſand Curtizans)

Yet

SAT. 2.

Yet backward muſt abſolue a females ſinne,
Like to a falſe diſſembling *Theatine*,
Who when his skinne is red with ſhirts of male
And rugged haire-cloath ſcoures his greazy nayle,
Or wedding garment tames his ſtubborne backe,
Which his hempe girdle dies all blew and blacke.
Or of his Almes-Boule three daies ſup'd and din'd,
Trudges to open ſtewes of eyther kinde:
Or takes ſome Cardinals ſtable in the way,
And with ſome pampered Mule doth weare the day
Kept for his Lords owne ſadle when him liſt.
Come *Valentine*, and play the Satyriſt,
To ſee poore ſucklings welcom'd to the light
With ſearing yrons of ſome ſowre *Iacobite*,
Or golden offers of an aged foole
To make his Coffin ſome *Franciſcans* coule,
To ſee the Popes blacke knight, a cloked *Frere*
Sweating in the channell like a *Scauengere*.

## *SAT.* 2.

Whom earſt thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,
When at the Corner-Croſſe thou did'ſt him meete,
Tumbling his *Roſaries* hanging at his belt
Or his *Barretta*, or his towred felt,
To ſee a laſie dumbe *Acholithite*
Armed againſt a deuout Flyes deſpight,
Which at th'hy Altar doth the *Chalice* vaile
With a broad Flie-flappe of a *Peacockes* tayle,
The whiles the likerous Prieſt ſpits euery trice
With longing for his morning Sacrifice,
Which he reres vp quite perpendiculare,
That the mid Church doth ſpite the *Chancels* fare,
Beating their emptie mawes that would be fed,
With the ſcant morſels of the *Sacriſts* bread.
Would he not laugh to death, when he ſhould heare
The ſhameleſſe Legends of *S. Chriſtopher*,
*S. George*, the ſleepers, or *S. Peters* well,
Or of his daughter good S. *Petronell*.

But

## *SAT.* 2.

But had he heard the Female Fathers grone,
Yeaning in mids of her proceſſion;
Or now ſhould ſee the needleſſe tryall-chayre,
(When ech is proued by his baſtard heyre)
Or ſaw the Churches, and new Calendere
Peſtred with mungrell *Saints*, and reliques dere,
Should hee cry out on *Codro's* tedious Toomes,
Whē his new rage would aske no narrower rooms?

FINIS.

## *A Poſt-ſcript to the Reader.*

IT is not for euery one to reliſh a true and naturall Satyre, being of it ſelfe beſides the natiue and in-bred bitternes and tartnes of particulers, both hard of conceipt, and harſh of ſtile, and therefore cannot but be vnpleaſing both to the vnſkilfull, and douer Muſicall eare, the one being affected with onely a ſhallow and eaſie matter, the other with a ſmoth and currant diſpoſition: ſo that I well foreſee in the timely publication of theſe my concealed Satyres, I am ſet vpon the racke of many mercileſſe and peremptorie cenſures. which ſith the calmeſt & moſt plauſible writer is almoſt fatally ſubiect vnto in the curioſitie of theſe nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted vpon the occaſion of ſo buſy and ſtirring a ſubiect? One thinkes it miſ-beſeeming the Author, becauſe a Poeme: another vnlawfull in it ſelfe becauſe a Satyre; a third harmefull to others for the ſharpneſſe: & a fourth vnſatyrlike; for the mildneſſe: The learned too perſpicuous, being named with Iuuenall, Perſius, and the other ancient Satyres; The vnlearned, ſauourleſſe, becauſe too obſcure, and obſcure becauſe not vnder their reach. What a monſter muſt he be that would pleaſe all?

Certainely looke what weather it would be if euery Almanacke ſhould be verified; much what like Poems, if euery fancie ſhould be ſuted. It is not for this kinde to deſire or hope to pleaſe, which naturally ſhould onely finde pleaſure in diſpleaſing; notwithſtanding if the fault finding with the vices of the time may honeſtly accord with the good will of the parties, I had as leaue eaſe my ſelfe with a ſlender Apologie, as wilfully beare the brunt of cauſeleſſe anger in my ſilence. For Poetrie it ſelfe, after the ſo effectuall and abſolute indeauours of her honoured Patrons, eyther ſhee needeth no new defence, or elſe might well ſcorne the offer

of

of ſo impotent and poore a Client. Onely for my owne part; tho were ſhee a more vnworthy Miſtreſſe, I thinke ſhe might be inoffenſiuely ſerued with the broken Meſſes of our twelue-a-clocke houres, which homely ſeruice ſhe onely clamed & found of mee, for that ſhort while of my attendance: yet hauing thus ſoone taken my ſolemne Farewell of her, and ſhaked handes with all her retinue, why ſhould it be an eye-ſore vnto any, ſith it can b eno loſſe to my ſelfe?

For my Satyres themſelues, I ſee two obuious cauils robe anſwered. One concerning the matter; then which I confeſſe none can be more open to danger, to enuie, ſith falts loath nothing more than the light, and men loue nothing more than their faults, and therefore what through the nature of the faults, and fault of the perſons, it is impoſſible ſo violent an appeachment ſhould be quietly brooked. But why ſhould vices be vnblamed for feare of blame? and if thou maiſt ſpit vpon a Toade vnuenomed, why maiſt thou not ſpeake of a vice without danger? Eſpecially ſo warily as I haue indeauoured, who in the vnpartiall mention of ſo many vices, may ſafely profeſſe to be altogether guiltleſſe in my ſelfe to the intention of any guiltie perſon who might be blemiſhed by the likelyhood of my conceiued application, therupon chooſing rather to marre mine owne verſe than anothers name: which notwithſtanding if the iniurious Reader ſhall wreſt to his owne ſpight, and diſparraging of others, it is a ſhort anſwere: Art thou guiltie? complaine not, thou art not wronged: art thou guiltles? complaine not, thou art not touched. The other concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much ſtouping to the lowe reach of the vulgar, I ſhalbe thought not to haue any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predeceſſors, whom in the want of more late and familiar preſidents I am conſtrained thus farre of to

imitate: which thing I can be ſo willing to graunt, that I am further readie to warrant my action therein to any indifferent cenſure. Firſt therefore I dare boldly auouch that the Engliſh is not altogether ſo naturall to a Satyre as the Latin, which I doe not impute to the nature of the language it ſelfe, being ſo farre from diſabling it any way, that me thinks I durſt equallit to the proudeſt in euery reſpect, but to that which is common to it with all other common languages Italian, French, Germaine, &c. in their Poeſies, the fettering together the Series of the verſes, with the bondes of like cadence or deſinence of rime, which if it be vnuſually abrupt, and not dependent in ſence vpon ſo neere affinitie of words, I know not what a loathſome kinde of harſhnes and diſcordance it breadeth to any iudiciall eare: which if any more confident aduerſarie ſhall gainſay, I wiſh no better triall than the tralation of one of *Perſius* his Satyrs into Engliſh; the difficultie and diſſonance wherof, ſhall make good my aſſertion: beſides the plaine experience thereof in the Satyres of Arioſto, (ſaue which, and one baſe french Satyre, I could neuer attaine the view of any for my direction, and that alſo might for neede ſerue for an excuſe at leaſt) whoſe chaine-verſe to which he fettereth himſelfe, as it maie well afford a pleaſing harmony to the eare, ſo can it yeeld nothing but a flaſhy and looſe conceyt to the iudgement. Whereas the Roman numbers tying but one foote to another, offereth a greater freedome of varietie, with much more delight to the reader. Let my ſecond ground be, the well knowne daintines of the time, ſuch, that men rather chooſe careleſly to leaſe the ſweete of the kernell, than to vrge their teeth with breaking of the ſhell wherein it is wrapped: and therfore ſith that which is vnſeene is almoſt vndone, and that is almoſt vnſeene which is vnconceiued, either

ther I would ſay nothing to be vntalkt of, or ſpeake with my mouth open that I may be vnderſtood. Thirdly the end of this paines was a Satyre, but the end of my Satyre a further good, which whether I attaine or no I know not, but let me be plaine, with hope of profit, rather than purpoſely obſcure onely for a bare names ſake.

Notwithſtanding in the expectation of this quarrell, I thinke my firſt Satyre doth ſomewhat reſemble the ſoure and crabbed face of Iuuenals, which I indeauouring in that, did determinately omit in the reſt, for theſe forenamed cauſes, that ſo I might haue ſomewhat to ſtoppe the mouth of euery accuſer. The reſt, to each mans cenſure: which let be as fauourable, as ſo thankleſſe a work can deſerue or deſire.

FINIS.

After this impression was finished, vpon the Authors knowledge, I had the view of a more perfect Copy, wherein were these additions and corrections, which I thought good to place here, desiring the reader to referre them to their places.

*Additions.*

*Betweene the* 10. *and* 11. *line of the* 16. *page.*

While yet he rousteth at some vncouch signe
Nor neuerred his Tenures second line.

Ρωμη Ρωμη.

*SAT. 7. lib. 4.*

Wwo saies these Romish Pageants,
To be the &c.

*And so to the end.*

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